N. 4, 1941

Liberty

5¢

THE AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE

APAN'S NAVY IS READY FOR THE U. S. A.

A DEFIANCE TO AMERICA, BY
ADMIRAL NOBUMASA SUETSUGU

3.2 6

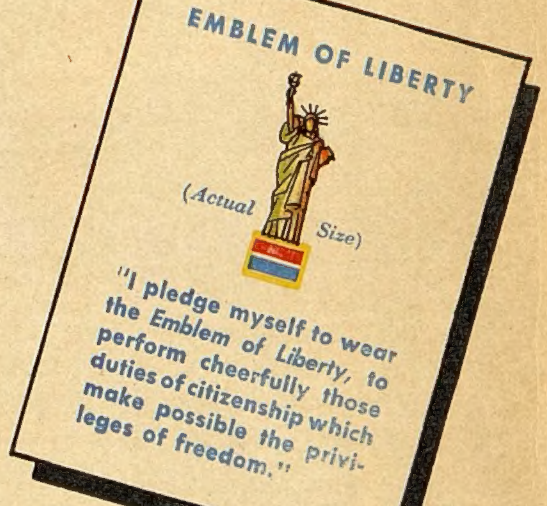
IBERTY'S ALL-PLAYERS ALL-AMERICA FOOTBALL TEAM

BADGE OF BELIEF

IT'S A SMALL THING on a man's lapel or a woman's dress—but the *Emblem of Liberty* carries a big meaning. A decoration? Yes—but not mere adornment. A decoration in terms of something hard-won, worn with pride, like the ribbon of a medal.

The *Emblem of Liberty* is a miniature of the Statue of Liberty which stands for those principles of living that make this country great. The *Emblem* is fittingly sponsored by the magazine which was named for Liberty, and which stands for those same principles: freedom of opinion, freedom of faith, freedom of opportunity.

Liberty Magazine believes there are many Americans who want to wear a badge of their belief. Who want to reaffirm their faith in our way of life during these threatening times. Who want to pledge themselves to a more personal, more active citizenship. Who want to promote, by wearing the *Emblem of Liberty*, the principles for which it stands.



EMBLEM OF LIBERTY

(*Actual Size*)

"I pledge myself to wear the Emblem of Liberty, to perform cheerfully those duties of citizenship which make possible the privileges of freedom."

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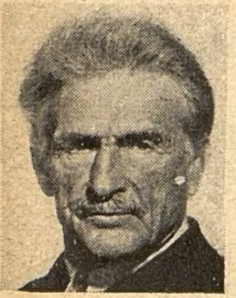
JANUARY 4, 1941 **Liberty** VOL. 18, NO. 1

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

WALTER LLOYD
ART EDITOR

GREAT NEWS FOR LABOR



BERNARR
MACFADDEN

Who are the best friends of labor? Those who shout commendations regardless of faults, or those who publicize these faults with the hope that they may be remedied?

We belong to the latter class. The cause of labor has been injured to an incalculable extent by the advocates of foreign " isms." It is no exaggeration to say that from 75 to 90 per cent of the labor troubles for the last few years have been caused by these foreign fanatics. Trouble is their stock in trade. It is a part of their creed. It is a necessary activity toward their objectives.

Intelligent workers everywhere were much gratified with the news of the conventions recently held at Atlantic City and New Orleans. The C. I. O. recorded its determination to oust advocates of foreign " isms." Heretofore this organization had the reputation of fostering these unbalanced leaders. Many of the strikes associated with lawlessness were led by these fiery fanatics.

The A. F. L. came out in no uncertain terms against racketeering, an evil which has made employers and employees lose much of their respect for unionism.

William Green, still the president of this organization, is most emphatic in the endorsement of the fight against racketeers. Although John L. Lewis has stepped down from the presidency of the C. I. O., the new president, Philip Murray, will have the benefit of his counsel.

It is rumored that the old-time enmity between William Green and John L. Lewis will no longer be an interference in combining these two great unions. The new president of the C. I. O. may be able to assist President Roosevelt in his desire to form one great union of these two organizations.

What this country needs at this time is a fair understanding of the serious emergencies which we are facing, and the willingness on the part of labor and capital to make the sacrifices necessary to eliminate labor troubles of all kinds that hamper industry, whether or not engaged in turning out implements of war.

As previously stated on this page, the troubles between employers and employees which have resulted in the enslavement of millions of workers in France are almost identical to those which we have faced in this country for the last few years.

Labor, in many instances, has listened to the unbalanced bickerings of foreign fanatics. Many leaders have failed to realize that employers and employees are working for identically the same objectives, and that prosperity to employers means similar advantages to employees. The truth of that statement was never more emphatically demonstrated than during the boom previous to the beginning of the depression in 1929. Wages skyrocketed. Every one who wanted a job could easily find it. Employers had unusual difficulties in filling positions of any kind.

The policy of taking money from the employer with the idea of balancing the possessions of the " haves " and the " have-nots " is a product of unbalanced reasoning. The more money the employer can earn, the more he has for promoting his business, whether he is managing a peanut stand or a huge factory employing thousands of workers. More money encourages more business, means more employees, higher wages.

When money is taken from the employer in confiscatory taxes or by restrictions of any kind, there is no incentive for business expansion; and less business means a decrease in employment and frequently lower wages.

The interests of the employer and the employee throughout the business world are closely intertwined, and when either employer or employee is attacked the interests of both are adversely affected. It is war on a small scale, and war always means losses—on both sides.

The advocates of various " isms " want to overturn our system of government. They want to introduce their particular system. And it is indeed a source of unlimited satisfaction to see that at last the dangers we are facing because of the presence of these enemies are now being recognized.

The Dies Committee has told us that we have spies and traitors, thousands of them, within our midst. And let us hope that they will be definitely branded, that we may be protected from them.

But to know that our two great unions have now condemned foreign " isms " and racketeering is indeed good news for everybody, as well as labor.

Bernarr Macfadden

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TABLE OF CONTENTS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 50

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VOX POP

LADIES IN ARMS

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Rupert Hughes made a slight error in my name (November 9 Liberty), but since he spelled the Green Guards right I was perfectly satisfied.

I would like Liberty to know more about our organization and its work. We are really troops—the only women troops in the history of the United States. We have our own anthem, our own flag which we place second to none except Old Glory, and our own uniforms.

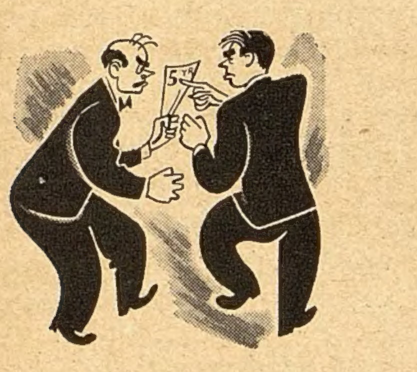
We have an armory. We are teaching a course in preparedness for women. We teach them canteen cooking, rifle shooting, military drill, practical nursing, first aid, ambulance driving and servicing, and other courses which will be valuable in war or peace.

All of our instruction is free to members who purchase the Green Guard uniform.

We get our financial aid from our uniforms, as we purchase them at wholesale and sell them to our members at retail prices, thus using the middleman's profit for operation and maintenance. All of our instructors give their time and labor gratis. We are opening up posts all over the United States. — *Virginia Nowell, National Commander.*

TWO PEEVES—FIVE YEARS

KINGSPORT, TENN.—Answering D. W. Tozier's twin peeves (November 23 Vox Pop), I want to say that I also have a peeve, and that is a person who objects to the contributions of Bernarr Macfadden and Ted Shane. I took a five-year subscription to Liberty on the strength of those two features—so more power to them!—*D. C. McNeer.*



WORD PLAY

TULSA, OKLA.—Frank Dalton asks, "What words are spelled with the same letters but have opposite meanings?" (November 23 Vox Pop.)

I submit "bolster," meaning to support, and "bolters," who do not support their party nominees. — *Luther E. Warren.*

JEFFERSON MEMORIAL COST

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—It has been my pleasure to read Mr. Macfadden's weekly editorials in Liberty with a great deal of interest, and knowing that he is a man who rarely over- or under-states situations, I call his attention to the issue of November 16, 1940, in which he took issue with the Democratic Party for spending three quarters of a million dollars on the new Thomas Jefferson Memorial in Washington.

It is my great privilege to be the contractor on the particular job in question, and just to keep the records straight, our contract amounts to $2,246,000.—*John McShain.*

ROOTING FOR 'ROO

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—'Ray for 'Roo! . . . It's new and darned clever. Long may he live!—*Charles Schlang.*

AH, THE HINDU ROPE TRICK!

PASADENA, CALIF.—I thoroughly enjoyed your most informative article, Is the Hand Quicker than the Eye? by George Jean Nathan (November 23 Liberty). The reading between the lines necessary to get the most out of the article was no feat at all for an old magician like me.

I wish to come forward and claim the $10,000 offered by Signor Dante for successful performance of the celebrated Hindu Rope Trick. Here is how the trick is done. First, you take one hundred feet of good Manila hemp, one small Hindu boy, and . . .* and . . .* And that is how the trick is done.—*Carl F. Damberg.*

*Here certain details are censored by the Society of American Magicians, Hindu Local No. 158.

GET BUSY, AUTHORS!

CHICAGO, ILL.—I've been waiting for months to see another story by Scott Littleton. In my opinion, he is the best writer you've ever had. And what has happened to Frederick James Smith, who used to write the movie reviews? His reviews couldn't be beat.

Achmed Abdullah always writes good stories, too. How about another serial by him soon?—*(Mrs.) Virginia Haines.*

"A GREAT GIT YOU'VE GOT!"

ROCKY POINT, N. Y.—A story is told of an aged Negro who crept into a barn to die. Some noise aroused the colored owner, who ran to the barn, shotgun in hand, and seeing the intruder cried triumphantly, "I got yeh! I got yeh!" The older man roused up and replied, "An' a great git you've got!"

When Mussolini and Hitler have conquered tropical Africa and opened it to settlement by their peoples at the cost of a million lives and ten billion dollars, a philosopher could say, "And a great git you've got!"—*J. Demary.*

¶ **Edith M. Wellington of Forest Park, Illinois, suggests that all of us say, "I resolve that I will spend at least two hours a week studying public affairs."**

BEING FAIR TO LOU LITTLE

MANCHESTER, N. H.—Sometimes It's Brains, by Jerry Lewis (November 16 Liberty), alluded to a Columbia-Dartmouth game the first year of Lou Little's regime at Columbia, and embraced a statement to the effect that after the game I said the Columbia team looked like a high-school team poorly coached.

I never made that statement. I never held that thought. Lou Little has always been a friend of mine and I have always held the greatest respect for him as a man and as a coach.—*Jackson L. Cannell.*

GERMANS IN COLOMBIA

BOGOTÁ, COLOMBIA—Being a resident here, I must deplore the ignorance shown by Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., in Can Hitler Take Central America? (November 23 Liberty.) Contrary to his statements, in all Colombia you will not find 10 per cent of foreigners, including all nations of the world, still less 10 per cent of Germans (and of the Germans 80 per cent are Jewish refugees who are but little Nazi-minded). That the steamers on the Magdalena River fly the swastika is fantastic, too.

Of course, Mr. Vanderbilt going ashore for a day during a cruise knows more about us than we do ourselves.—*Charles J. Frank.*

¶ **"Now that New Year's is upon us, what vice are you going to give up?" asks Peter B. Thatcher of New Haven, Connecticut. "Mine is going to be advice."**

BY NORMAN L. SPER

Liberty's
ALL-PLAYERS ALL-AMERICA

Liberty's ALL-PLAYERS ALL-AMERICA FOOTBALL TEAM

Chosen for you by vote of those who know best! The gridiron superstars of 1940

READING TIME • 7 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

LIBERTY'S readers were told as early as last December, when Liberty's All-Players All-America team for 1939 appeared in print, that Tommy Harmon, Michigan's mighty man of touchdowns, was considered by the football players of the country to be the logical number one football player for 1940. Harmon, at the end of the 1939 season, was rated by the player-judges as the second best player in the game that year. Kenny Washington, the colored star from the University of California at Los Angeles, who has since graduated, was named as the nation's best player then and accordingly was presented with the Douglas Fairbanks award. Both players were named on Liberty's All-Players All-America First Team for 1939.

For 1940, the completed returns from the 1,564 players from ninety-two major teams give evidence that Harmon is the nation's outstanding player. Before we go into that, let us explain how we reached that conclusion.

In brief, here is how the Liberty All-Players All-America poll is taken: Before the completion of the scheduled games, your reporter mails to every major football coach in the country twenty of the All-Players All-America blanks for the twenty letter men to fill out, as player-judges, immediately after their last game of the season. On these forms the eleven positions of a football team are listed. Every player names a man for each position. He cannot name any one whom he has not faced on the gridiron during the season. He not only names his all-opponents team but he rates each player's outstanding values and his shortcomings. The forms are then returned to the writer for tabulation. We have no voice in the final selection; we merely record the votes and the comments, and report the results to you.

Thus, true to its name, this is the All-Players All-America Team. It is the composite voice of the 1,564 playing judges who have competed in 864 football games during the 1940 playing season, which means that this All-America selection covers every major football game played.

All told, 648 players from 184 schools were named by the playing judges. The ability of each of these 648 must have been impressive to the player-judge who opposed him on the Saturday their teams met. It was the player who was impressive every Saturday against every opponent who finally won All-America recognition.

In other words, it's the player who week after week proves his ability against different styles of play, against all kinds of opposition, that is here named on Liberty's All-Players All-America First, Second, or Third team or on one of the All-Sectional teams for 1940. This All-America team drops into football oblivion the so-called "money" player—the player who has the notion that the game is a one-man show and not a team affair, who does his best only on the Saturday when visiting national sports authorities are in the press stands.

Now let's review how Tom Harmon earned his place on this year's team. For the first game of this year Michigan traveled to the Pacific Coast to play the University of California at Berkeley. So impressive was Harmon's performance that when the season was over every member of the California team named him over every other back they had opposed. California's schedule called for games with every one of the major Pacific Coast Conference teams as well as with St. Mary's. When these returns from California were registered, we were told by them that Harmon was better than any halfback on the Pacific Coast was on the days when California played Coast teams. The Wolverines next played Michigan State and, like California, every Michigan State player rated Harmon tops. This was evidence that he was better, according to them, than any of the other backs they played against. And so it went. All told, ninety-two of the ninety-four players who had bodily contact with Tom Harmon, the ace from Ann Arbor, rated him superior to all the other halfbacks they faced.

In 1938, Harmon's sophomore year, his opponents rated him high enough to place him on the All-Players second team. Last year he was rated second best in the nation, and this year he is tops. A look into his playing record, and we find that this 175-pound new Michigan immortal has added the all-time touchdown crown in major football to his long list of football accomplishments. In his three years of varsity competition he crossed the goal line into pay dirt thirty-three times, surpassing "Red" Grange's fifteen-year-old record of thirty-one touchdowns. (Other touchdown records have been claimed, but

FIRST TEAM

End	**Frutig**	**Michigan**
Tackle	**Odson**	**Minnesota**
Guard	**Suffridge**	**Tennessee**
Center	**Gajecki**	**Penn State**
Guard	**Frankowski**	**Washington**
Tackle	**Drahos**	**Cornell**
End	**Elrod**	**Mississippi State**
Quarter	**Albert**	**Stanford**
Half	**Harmon**	**Michigan**
Half	**Reagan**	**Pennsylvania**
Full	**Kimbrough**	**Texas A. & M.**

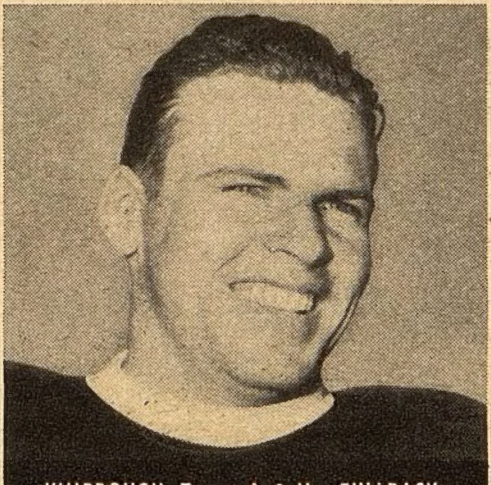
the competition was not of the major variety.) Grange's touchdowns were made in twenty games, while Harmon has had twenty-four games to make his. As for kicking, he booted two field goals as well as thirty-three kicks for point after touchdown. His complete point total for his three varsity years is 237. Grange's point total was 198.

To Francis X. Reagan of the University of Pennsylvania, Harmon's opponent last October 26, goes the other halfback berth. This 195-pound, six-foot, triple-threat senior has paced the Quakers into an almost perfect year, Michigan being the only team to defeat them. That defeat was due primarily to Harmon's flawless play. Of Pennsylvania's seven opponents, ninety-six of the players sent in their forms filled in. Reagan was named and appraised by eighty-nine of them. The players who approved him contended that he excelled in running and kicking and displayed unusual ability as an actor in faking plays.

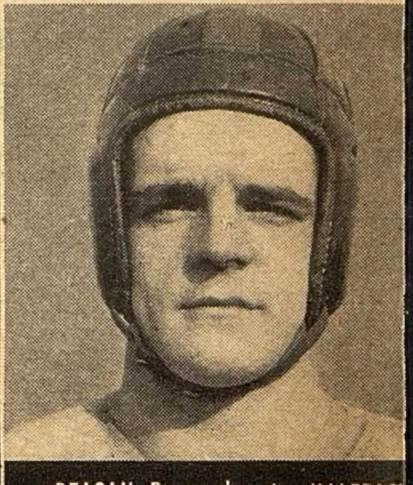
"Big John" Kimbrough, Texas A. & M.'s greatest football player, weighs 225 pounds and stands six feet two. He was the unanimous choice of all the teams he met but one—the University of California at Los Angeles, whose players gave Norman Standlee of Stanford most of their ballots. In the nine games this year Kimbrough has accounted for 658 yards in 159 tries and has tallied seven touchdowns. He also caught nine passes that were thrown his way. On pass defense he intercepted six passes that netted his team a total of 142 yards. His nearest competitor for the All-Players fullback honors was Hapes of Mississippi.

Frank Albert, the human spark that ignited an unheralded Stanford team into the Rose Bowl, is the third member of the All-Players backfield. This 170-pound junior was Stanford's offensive brains. He is daring, clever, and completely fearless. He has done virtually all the forward passing for the team. He is a dangerous runner and, like Reagan and Harmon, has set his opponents back on their heels with exceptionally long kicks. His best boot went for seventy-nine yards. In the Oregon State game he averaged fifty-three yards from the line of scrimmage, despite one fourteen-yard kick that was deliberately aimed for the side lines. Albert kicks left-footed and passes left-handed. Every team that played against him rated him as the best quarterback they had played against all year.

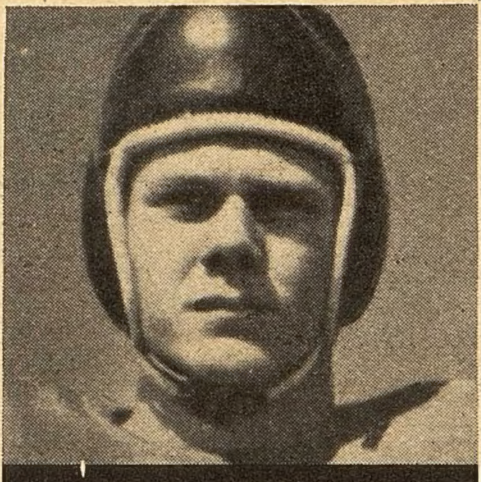
In front of this great backfield the



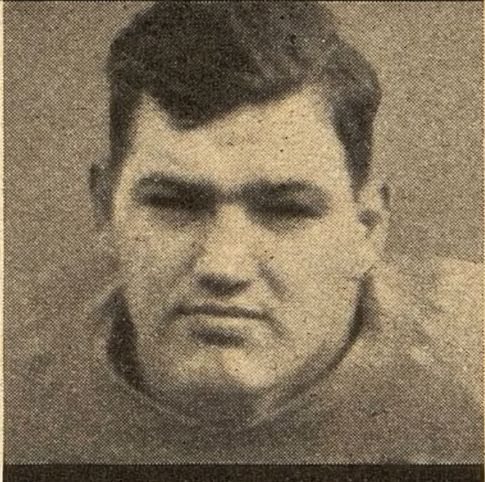
KIMBROUGH, Texas A. & M.—FULLBACK



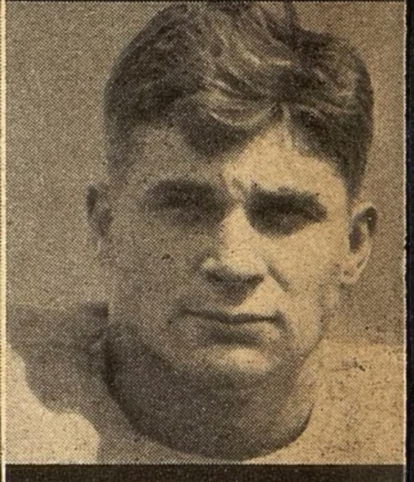
REAGAN, Pennsylvania—HALFBACK



ELROD, Mississippi State—END



ODSON, Minnesota—TACKLE



SUFFRIDGE, Tennessee—GUARD

SECOND TEAM

End	Rankin	Purdue
Tackle	Ruffa	Duke
Guard	Goree	L. S. U.
Center	Clarkson	Texas A. & I.
Guard	Robnett	Texas A. & M.
Tackle	Bauman	Northwestern
End	Russell	Baylor
Quarter	Scott	Ohio State
Half	Johnson	Mississippi State
Half	Franck	Minnesota
Full	Hapes	Mississippi

THIRD TEAM

End	Rast	Alabama
Tackle	Pannell	Texas A. & M.
Guard	Alfson	Nebraska
Center	Apolskis	Marquette
Guard	Lio	Georgetown
Tackle	Reinhard	California
End	Blalock	Clemson
Quarter	Matuszczak	Cornell
Half	Knolla	Creighton
Half	O'Rourke	Boston College
Full	Paskvan	Wisconsin

HONORABLE MENTION

ENDS: Cifers, Tennessee; Ison, Georgia Tech.; Fergerson, Florida; Goodrich, Pittsburgh; Goodreault, Boston College; Vargo, Penn State; Cabrelli, Colgate; McTighe, Navy; Roach, T. C. U.; Henderson, Texas A. & M.; Keeton, S. M. U.; Steuber, Missouri; Prochaska, Nebraska; Sexton, St. Louis; Krueger, U. S. C.; McDowell, Washington; Smith, U. C. L. A.; Graff, Stanford; Telesmanic, U. S. F.; Vosberg, Marquette; Urban, South Carolina; Severin, North Carolina; Darnell, Duke; Jett, Wake Forest; Pudlik, Colorado; Reeves, B. Y. U.; O'Brien, Notre Dame.

TACKLES: Shires, Tennessee; Hull, Florida; Barrett, L. S. U.; Barnes, L. S. U.; Kuzman, Fordham; Konetsky, Pittsburgh; Maloney, Cincinnati; Garvey, Colgate; Flathmann, Navy; Hartman, Rice; Bynum, Arkansas; Greene, Tulsa; Behn, Nebraska; De Lauer, U. S. C.; Stuart, Oregon; Sears, Oregon State; Conn, Arizona; Wistert, Michigan; Enich, Iowa; Daniell, Ohio State; Gallagher, Notre Dame; Carter, South Carolina; Kimball, North Carolina; Frontczak, Richmond; Fritts, Clemson; Spendlove, Utah; Jurik, Denver; Bateman, B. Y. U.

GUARDS: Aarts, Northwestern; Lokanc, Northwestern; Fritz, Michigan; Embick, Wisconsin; Gubanich, Notre Dame; Winterson, Duke; Ruett, V. M. I.; Trunzo, Wake Forest; Geary, Utah; H. Punches, Colorado; Gilbert, B. Y. U.; Corhern, Mississippi State; Gianelloni, L. S. U.; Ardillo, Auburn; O'Boyle, Tulane; Molinski, Tennessee; Mori, Penn State; Kerr, Boston College; Dunbar, Cornell; Daniel, Texas; Simington, Arkansas; Sherrod, T. C. U.; Smith, Iowa State; Schwartzkopf, Nebraska; Lahar, Oklahoma; Liles, Oklahoma A. & M.; Younce, Oregon State; Sohn, U. S. C.; Taylor, Stanford; Donohoe, California.

CENTERS: Hiemenz, Northwestern; Sossaman, South Carolina; Smith, Maryland; Pendergast, Wake Forest; Maughan, Utah State; Mucha, Washington; Dempsey, U. S. C.; Lindskog, Stanford; Ackerman, Tennessee; Averitte, Alabama; Gude, Vanderbilt; Snavely, Columbia; Gladchick; Boston College; Whitlow, Rice; Nelson, Baylor; Wood, Oklahoma.

BACKS: Standlee, Stanford; Kisselburg, Oregon State; Peoples, U. S. C.; McQuarry, California; Cantor, U. C. L. A.; Kmetovic, Stanford; McAdams, Washington; Robertson, U. S. C.; Robinson, U. C. L. A.; Hatcher, California; Steele, Washington; Sewell, Washington State; Elmore, California; Thibaut, Tulane; Nelson, Alabama; Foxx, Tennessee; Hovius, Mississippi; McGowen, Auburn; Cheatam, Auburn; Busik, Navy; Jones, Pittsburgh; Tomasic, Temple; Toczylowski, Boston College; Brumley, Rice; Johnston, S. M. U.; Crain, Texas; Thomason, Texas A. & M.; Conaster, Texas A. & M.; Wilson, Baylor; Layden, Texas; Gillespie, T. C. U.; Bain, Texas Tech.; Martin, Oklahoma; Luther, Nebraska; Jacobs, Oklahoma; Reynolds, Oklahoma A. & M.; Christman, Missouri; Westfall, Michigan; Piepul, Notre Dame; Green, Iowa; Clawson, Northwestern; Hahnenstein, Northwestern; Evashevski, Michigan; Davis, Duke; Timmons, Clemson; Hunt, Marshall; Latch, Duke; Lalanne, North Carolina; McAfee, Duke; Ringgold, Wake Forest; Spector, Utah; Stasica, Colorado; Dent, Colorado State; McClung, Colorado; Hefti, St. Lawrence.

player-judges have placed a line that averages better than 201 pounds. Erwin Elrod of Mississippi State and Ed Frutig of Michigan are the ends. (The Wolverines are the only team to place two men on the All-Players First Team.) Both ends weigh 186 pounds and stand six feet one. From the player-judges' written comments, we learn that Frutig is an outstanding fast-charging type of end who has the knack of turning in wide plays. He is a fine pass receiver and is rated very strong on defense. Elrod, we read, is the greatest defensive player in the South, and his blocking has been partly responsible for Mississippi State's successful season.

The third repeater on this year's eleven is Nick Drahos of Cornell. (Kimbrough and Harmon were the other two players named last year.) Drahos and Urban Odson of Minnesota are the two tackles honored. The 235-pound, six-foot Odson was cited by his opponents as being exceptionally strong offensively and defensively. Drahos is the tallest man on the squad. He carries his 210 pounds well in his six-foot-three-inch bulk. The players who voted for him said that he is very fast and is excellence itself on defense. He also is expert at kicking points after touchdown.

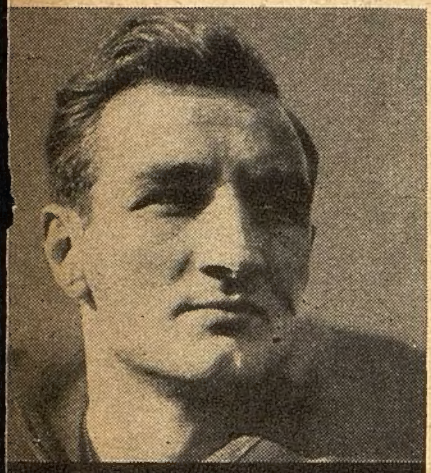
Bob Suffridge, the 190-pound Tennessee guard, was given Second Team honors in 1938, but lost out last year because of injuries. From the University of Washington comes the other guard, Ray Frankowski, a 197-pound junior. There are two other juniors on this year's team: Odson and Albert. The remaining eight players are seniors. Incidentally, Albert is the smallest and lightest player on the team—170 pounds and five feet eight inches. Odson's 235 pounds make him the heaviest.

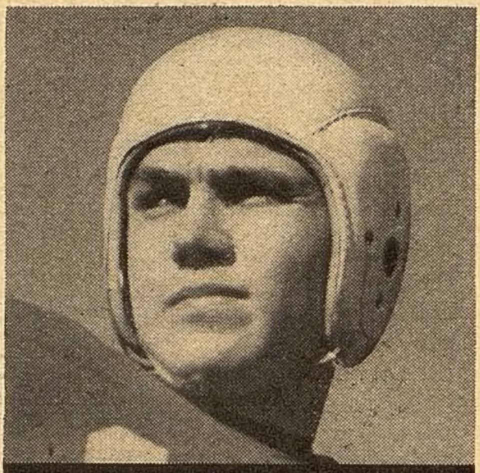
Lou Gajecki, Penn State's captain and center, was voted the snapper-back position. He is called Penn State's spark plug. He has great ability in backing up the line. It was his outstanding play that helped make the Nittany Lions the great defensive club they proved to be this past season.

Gajecki's support from the players who opposed him cast enough ballots in his favor to beat out Clarkson of Texas A. & I. and Ray Apolskis, Marquette's favorite son.

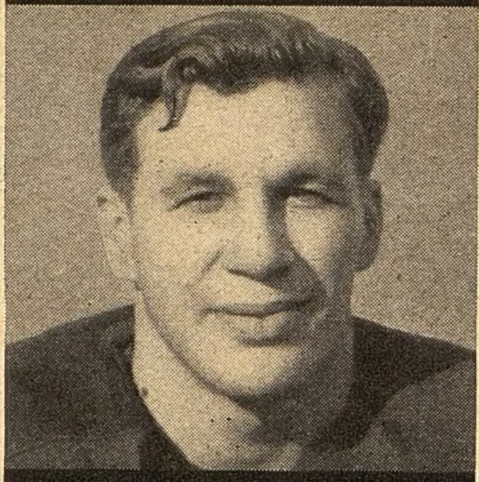
So here you have the nation's eleven best football players. All of them have been tried in football combat and none have been found wanting. The men who chose them ought to know; they gained their knowledge the hard way!

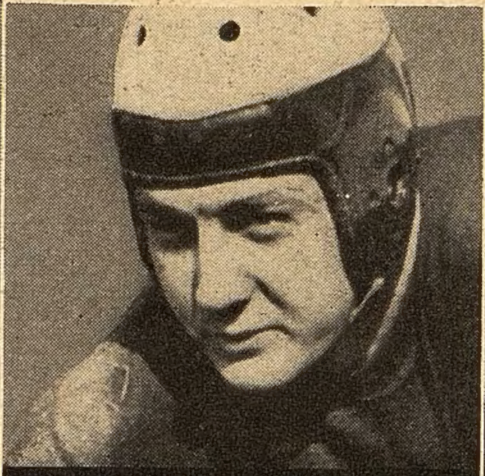
THE END


HARMON, Michigan—HALFBACK


ALBERT, Stanford—QUARTERBACK

GAJECKI, Penn State—CENTER


FRANKOWSKI, Washington—GUARD


DRAHOS, Cornell—TACKLE

FRUTIG, Michigan—END

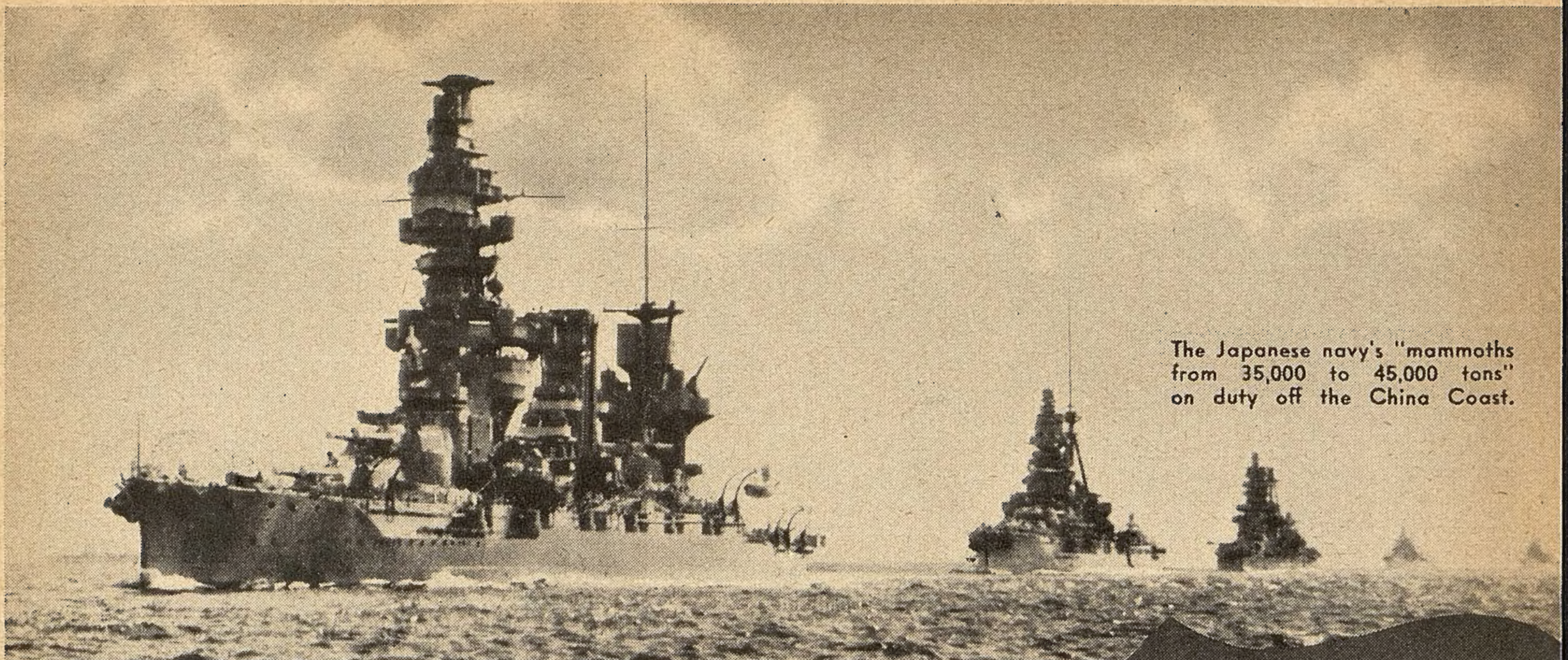
ALL-SECTIONAL TEAMS

MIDWEST			ROCKY MOUNTAIN	
Rankin	Purdue	Ends	Pudlik	Colorado
Frutig	Michigan		Reeves	B. Y. U.
Bauman	Northwestern	Tackles	Spendlove	Utah
Odson	Minnesota		Jurik	Denver
Lokanc	Northwestern	Guards	Geary	Utah
Fritz	Michigan		H. Punches	Colorado
Apolskis	Marquette	Center	Maughan	Utah State
Paskvan	Wisconsin	Backs	Dent	Colorado State
Harmon	Michigan		Spector	Utah
Franck	Minnesota		Stasica	Colorado
Scott	Ohio State		McClung	Colorado

EAST			SOUTHWEST	
Goodrich	Pittsburgh	Ends	Russell	Baylor
Cabrelli	Colgate		Roach	T. C. U.
Drahos	Cornell	Tackles	Pannell	Texas A. & M.
Kuzman	Fordham		Hartman	Rice
Lio	Georgetown	Guards	Robnett	Texas A. & M.
Kerr	Boston College		Daniel	Texas
Gajecki	Penn State	Center	Clarkson	Texas A. & I.
Hefti	St. Lawrence	Backs	Kimbrough	Texas A. & M.
O'Rourke	Boston College		Thomason	Texas A. & M.
Reagan	Pennsylvania		Layden	Texas
Matuszczak	Cornell		Gillespie	T. C. U.

SOUTH ATLANTIC			MIDLANDS	
Urban	South Carolina	Ends	Steuber	Missouri
Blalock	Clemson		Sexton	St. Louis
Ruffa	Duke	Tackles	Greene	Tulsa
Kimball	North Carolina		Behn	Nebraska
Winterson	Duke	Guards	Smith	Iowa State
Ruett	V. M. I.		Alfson	Nebraska
Pendergast	Wake Forest	Center	Wood	Oklahoma
Davis	Duke	Backs	Luther	Nebraska
Latch	Duke		Knolla	Creighton
Lalanne	North Carolina		Reynolds	Oklahoma A. & M.
Ringgold	Wake Forest		Christman	Missouri

PACIFIC COAST			SOUTHEAST	
Krueger	U. S. C.	Ends	Elrod	Mississippi State
McDowell	Washington		Rast	Alabama
Reinhard	California	Tackles	Shires	Tennessee
Stuart	Oregon		Barnes	L. S. U.
Frankowski	Washington	Guards	Suffridge	Tennessee
Younce	Oregon State		Corhern	Mississippi State
Mucha	Washington	Center	Gude	Vanderbilt
Standlee	Stanford	Backs	Hapes	Mississippi
Kmetovic	Stanford		Foxx	Tennessee
McAdams	Washington		Johnson	Mississippi State
Albert	Stanford		McGowen	Auburn



The Japanese navy's "mammoths from 35,000 to 45,000 tons" on duty off the China Coast.

U. S. S. R.
MONGOLIA
MANCHUKU
KO
CHINA
SIAM
FR. INDO-CHINA
PHILIPPIN
ISLAN
SINGAPORE
SUMATRA
BORNEO
CELEBE
EAST INDIE
JAVA

W

READING TIME ● 6 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

BY ADMIRAL NOBUMASA SUETSUGU

Former Commander-in-Chief of the Imperial Japanese Navy

WHEN we, here in Tokyo, officially learned that the United States had approved of a two-ocean navy, we realized that the foundations upon which Japanese and American peaceful relations had been built were at last beginning to crumble. For while the two-ocean navy was sold to the American people purely as a defensive measure, we Japanese cannot consider it, from a realistic viewpoint, as anything but an aggressive move—a move that will permit the United States to do as she pleases on any ocean at any time.

The menace, of course, is not immediate. As a navy man, I am skeptical about how soon such an enormous fleet can be built. While I know the United States has enough of money, materials, and factories, I do not think she has the trained personnel or man power necessary to construct such a navy within the scheduled time.

But, no matter when this navy is completed, I still insist that it constitutes a weapon too large to be used merely defensively, and that eventually its size and upkeep will make it a menace to the peace of the world.

However, like my colleagues, I am primarily concerned with the future peace of Japan, the Pacific, and the Far East. And being thus concerned, we cannot let Japan be caught napping. Thus I can say here very frankly that Japan, jarred by America's prospective two-ocean navy, is now working night and day to develop a navy as potent as any that the United States might have. Henceforth Japan will, for her own protection, continue to match the United States in fighting vessels.

The entire matter, it seems to me, will from this day on resolve itself into a gigantic and expensive naval armament race. But no matter what the price, my message to America is this: Japan will be ready.

I am amazed sometimes to hear the wild criticisms Americans and other foreigners make of our fleet. I have heard it said that our officers, sailors, gunners were poorly trained and inept. This is utter nonsense. Japanese sailors, with thorough college background, years of sea experience, and high morale, are as good as any sailors on the seven seas.

Furthermore, I have heard it said that our navy and our shipbuilding are now paralyzed by the scrap-iron embargo instigated by President Roosevelt. Actually, the embargo was not a surprise. We had expected such an unfriendly move for a long time. And I can assure Americans that appropriate countermeasures, carefully studied, have already been put into operation.

Years ago a scrap-iron embargo might have paralyzed our ship production. Today we have developed the single-ore process which enables us to convert our own pig iron directly into steel. Thus we are no longer dependent on America's scrap.

As to the oil necessary to run our fleet, we candidly admit that is our biggest problem. Still, without oil from America we could manage to be self-sufficient. For years we have been importing oil from the jungle pipe lines of Dutch Borneo, where about sixty million barrels a year are produced. Another source of oil for us in the Far East would be the Netherlands East Indies. And finally, in the event of a complete embargo by the United States, we would maintain self-sufficiency by increasing the manufacture of a superior substitute oil extract made from crushed coal. [EDITOR'S NOTE: Admiral Suetsugu does not mention that this substitute oil from coal, while of a superior quality, is three times as expensive.]

How much better or worse the United States fleet is than that of the Imperial Japanese Navy remains to be seen. I feel personally that they

JAPAN'S NAVY IS READY FOR THE U.S.A.!

Nippon's greatest naval strategist voices a challenging, outspoken defiance to America

TO ALASKA 2547 MI.
TO HAWAII 3394 MI.
JAPAN
WAKE IS
GUAM (U.S.)
JAPANESE MANDATE
NEW GUINEA
AUSTRALIA

are equal. Only a war on the Pacific could bring a definite answer.

As to the immediate possibilities of a war, I can only reiterate what our statesmen have been saying for some time: It all depends on the United States.

It is difficult for Americans, selfish and self-sufficient, to understand Japan's needs. Americans live well and they live safely. But for us, on our islands, our present policy of expansion has become a matter of life or death. In the past, powerless, we have seen foreigners invade the Far East and take over the best of everything. But now we have awakened. We want to free the Orient, to give it a better chance for a better life. And we feel deeply that the people who live in the Far East should possess what is rightfully theirs.

Years ago, in an effort to establish an Oriental version of the Monroe Doctrine, we thought it would be best if China, Manchuria, and Japan could unite in one common cause. But more recently we have come to realize that we must include in our Far Eastern sphere, in our Greater New Order, much that lies to the south. We have decided that, to attain our peaceful ends, we must also include in our common and prosperous economic bloc such countries as the Netherlands East Indies, French Indo-China, and Borneo.

Consequently, the root of bad relations between the United States and Japan is to be found in America's antagonistic attitude toward our New Order. In the future, relations could improve immensely if the United States, recognizing our point of view, would confine herself to her Monroe Doctrine and leave us alone.

Such meddling as the recent $25,000,000 loan to Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek and his Chungking government will not set up effective barriers against our aims. Believe us, the last days of the Chiang government are now on the horizon.

But—

Should the United States in the near future further attempt to hinder us, that would aggravate relations and undoubtedly lead to conflict.

Should the United States in the near future become more aggressive and take over naval bases such as the one at Singapore, which overlooks Japan's vital trade route, it would be an act Japan could not stand.

I have been asked, in the unhappy event of a war between the United States and Japan, how it might be fought. This is, of course, a difficult question. The two nations are 6,000 miles apart. And no sensible person could possibly believe that we would send our fleet and armed forces over this distance in an attempt to invade California. Nor would we dream of touching Hawaii. Our navy has been built as a defensive navy.

So the United States would have to be the aggressor. We would simply sit tight. The United States would probably send its fleet across the ocean and attempt to operate from bases. Contrary to popular opinion, I do not think big-tonnage warships —those mammoths from 35,000 to 45,000 tons — would be a factor. There would be no mid-Pacific fighting, so such large craft would be useless. Most fighting would be coastal, along the land. Airplanes might be a big factor. However, I don't feel that airplanes have advanced enough to supplant the power of an efficient naval force.

But, be it war with the United States or—as I hope—peace, Japan will work hand in hand with her friends Germany and Italy in the near future, since the New Order in the Far East and that in Europe are to be welded into a New Order of the entire world. All of Japan today is elated over the tripartite pact. The Imperial Edict was issued, and now our entire nation is like one person.

Of course Japanese and American relations may be greatly affected by this dynamic treaty. Because, frankly, if the United States continues to strengthen her anti-Japanese attitude, continues to hinder the establishment of the New Order in the Far East, no one will be in a position to guarantee peace for the future.

The United States has already entered both the European War and the Sino-Japanese conflict through psychological and economic aggression. Up to this day, we in Japan have patiently abstained from unnecessary friction with the United States. We will continue to be patient. But, let me remind America, there is a limit to human patience. And we are satisfied that, should the worst come, we are ready.

THE END

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

How about a dance, Kid?

DON MURTRY stood on the doorstep of a house on Prayer Avenue in Coney Island. All day long he had gone from one address to another over most of Brooklyn, and now, around ten o'clock in the evening, his search was almost at an end.

"She rooms here," the blowzy-looking landlady admitted. "But she ain't likely to be home till around 2 A. M. or so. She works at the Ocean Breeze Dance Hall."

"Thank you." Don turned away.

He was in Coney Island for the first time, and what he saw of it didn't particularly excite him. Right now his preferences were for his 400-acre ranch east of the Tetons, the prettiest country in the world. He and a friend of his had been raising cattle in Wyoming ever since they had met in Salt Lake City and pooled their resources.

Six months ago his friend had died, and one of the last things he had said was, "Don't give up trying to find where she is.".

He had meant his kid sister. It was only right, Frank Brown had said, that Don should have the land and cattle, but he was leaving what money he had to Joyce. "If you can't locate her any other way, I wish you'd travel East to find her." . . .

FRANK BENSING

The Ocean Breeze Dance Hall—that ornate building dedicated to Terpsichore where the half-gilded youth of Brooklyn and New York can dance with one of a score of girls for the sum of ten cents, that rococo hall of strawberry papier-mâche, its inside walls painted to resemble long rolling cool waves, its roof a pink sunrise—stuck down a side street out of sight of the real ocean.

Inside, gay flags and bunting, the Royal Yacht Orchestra, the uniformed attendants, and the dancers made a kaleidoscopic whole.

"How about a dance, kid?"

"Sure."

The girls are supposed to smile. The girls are told to be peppy, keep their hair nicely fixed, their clothes neat, their pallid little faces bright as a dime when it first comes out of the mint. The girls are taught to say: "Sure, I'd love to dance. The orchestra's so good—you can't help dancing to it."

Nick Grotti runs the place, and a couple of other Island concessions. Not a bad guy, Nick, if you don't look too nosily into his private life. But that's his own affair. So far as the Ocean Breeze Dance Hall goes, Nick runs it according to all the rules and regulations. "Management Reserves Right to Refuse Admittance to Undersirable Patrons." There's another notice pasted up somewhere. It says that the girls are members of the Elite Dancing School and must be treated accordingly. Whatever that means!

"Costing me money, this orchestra," Nick'll tell you. "Why, that kid playing the clarinet has a standing offer to join Whiteman."

Nice feller, Nick. Looks the hall floor over pretty carefully every once in a while, looks it over with that one eye of his. The other is decorated with an eye patch matching the material of his tuxedo. Interesting story, how Nick lost that eye—if any one could get the real story out of him. But you've got to know him real well before Nick will speak out what's in his mind.

"Been losing money on this dump all year. The orchestra's lousy—that's the worst of a cheap outfit. I gotta let some of the girls go if business don't improve. Oh, sure, I know it's plenty tough for them, dancing their feet off night after night; but, just the same, nobody wants to dance with a girl who looks like a bunch of seaweed that's just been dragged up here from the—"

Nick Grotti paused in this speech to let his one eye look over the big young guy who had entered the dance hall.

"Are you the manager here?"

"That's me. What's on your mind?"

"I understand you employ a girl here by the name of Joyce Brown."

"You acquainted with her?"

"Not personally, although in a way I've known her for about five years. I guess she'll know my name. I'd like a word with her, if that's possible."

"The girls are here for the express purpose of dancing, mister."

Don Murtry said he understood that, but what spoke more eloquently as to his intentions — at least, in Nick's eye—were the dozen or so dance tickets he had in his hand.

"She's over there," Nick said. "Girl in the red dress. Looks like she's booked for a few more turns with the feller she's talking with. But that's her—on that bench."

"Thank you."

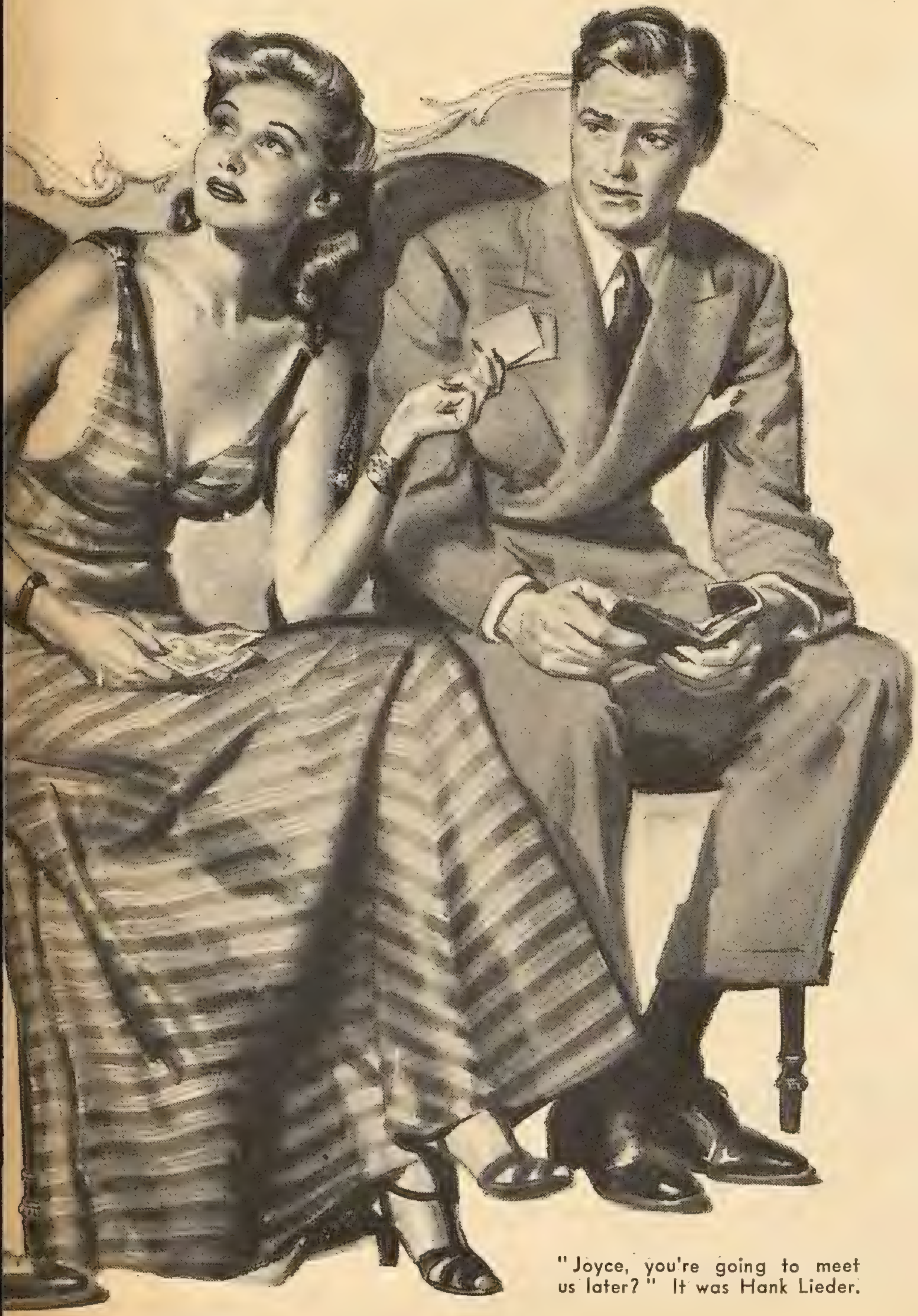
The girl in the red dress was looking at the floor. The fellow with her—the Mink, as some of his associates called him—was doing all the talking. The girl in the red dress, so very thin and tired-looking, gave you the impression that she had to listen, almost too afraid to speak for herself.

There might have been a time when Joyce had a young girl's ambitions—about love and marriage and maybe the stage — but perceptibly they had been shaken out of her by now. The set of her small profile, the intelligence of her wide apart eyes, suggested that she had tried to pit her forces against the Juggernaut of New York and had been pathetically crushed in the process. Whatever motherly hands had once administered to her, they were surely missing now.

Joyce lived the life of a marionette dancing to manipulated strings. Day after day of it. She ached all over from dancing. At 2 A. M. she barely managed to climb the two flights of stairs to her room on Prayer Avenue. Joyce often wanted to fall into bed just as she was. But she had to think of her clothes, the red dress or the pale blue one, the only dresses she had. She had to be careful of her other things, too—stockings, shoes, lipstick, face powder; make them last as long as possible. Nick Grotti said the girls had to look nifty.

Bed! Mostly, of course, it was to drop off to sleep on the instant; but sometimes to lie awake and softly cry. She had to cry softly, because Mrs. Felswacker, the landlady, had once overheard her crying. Mrs. Felswacker said she "didn't want none of that around the house." All Mrs. Felswacker wanted was to have everything right and proper and the rent paid in advance, on the tick of the clock. Or else!

"Now listen," the Mink said quietly. "I know how tough it was for you. I tried every which way to fix it for you. If you think I didn't, you're up the wrong tree. I even went to Sam McGuire about you—"



"Joyce, you're going to meet us later?" It was Hank Lieder.

A beguiling, dramatic tale of a girl and a dream of happiness—and fate

BY
LLEWELLYN HUGHES

"It's all right, Len," she said forlornly. "It's over now."

"That's what I say—it's over, and it won't happen again. So why highhat me? Why can't we be friends again?"

"No," she said. "I'm not going out with you any more. That's why I moved from Brooklyn. I was hoping you wouldn't find me."

"Here, kid—stick this ten-spot in your stocking."

"I never took a penny from you before, Len, and I don't intend to take any from you now."

"Joyce, you may not know it—but I've got an awful soft spot in my heart for you I want to help you—look after you."

"You don't have to feel that way about me. It's over, Len—and that's the only bit of comfort I have. I won't let you take that away from me."

Len Harder—called the Mink because of his interests in the fur business—seemed baffled. It must have been a singular feeling for him, because he knew all the cards, including those in the other person's hand. Quite a young man to come by this canny knowledge! Dark, thin-lipped, handsome, the black hair groomed and burnished like the coat of a race horse.

"I'll meet you after they close up here."

Joyce merely shook her head. "We'll have to dance," she said wearily, "or I must go. Mr. Grotti is looking at us."

"Who's the big guy standing right next to him? He's been staring over here for the last ten minutes."

"I've never seen him before." Joyce moved away, but the Mink caught up with her. "How about a dance, kid?" he grinned, taking her in his arms.

Boomp, boop-a-boop, boomp, boomp went the Royal Yacht Orchestra, reaching into the girls' rest room.

"Gee! I sometimes think I'll go goofy listening to that old music all the time," Jessica said. "It booms right inside my noodle—like it would blow the back of my head off."

"You got a cigarette, Jess?" Dot Gray asked her.

"No, I haven't. My feet! I swear I must have danced holes in my stocking feet. I'm gonna look and see."

Joyce entered the rest room.

"Sprinkle a little of my talcum in your slippers," she generously offered to Jess. "Dot, please fill one of those paper cups for me—I'm so tired I can scarcely move."

Dot brought the water. She said, "Your friend's friend says we're all going to meet around 2 A. M. They want to drive us out through Queens and back by way of the Triborough Bridge."

"I won't be going," Joyce said. "And if I were you, Dot, I'd stay away from them."

"Why?"

"They're not good enough for you, Dot—for any one. Please listen to me. Don't go."

"Gee! I don't know. I was kind of looking forward to an automobile ride. The guy I was dancing with—Hank — Hank Lieder — he seemed pretty swell to me."

"He isn't, Dot. Please believe me."

BOOMP, *boop-a-boop, high-tiddly-high!* It was almost eleven o'clock, and the hours ahead of her looked, to Joyce, like the rest of her lifetime. She had no pretensions as to her own prettiness or figure. If she had shapely legs, as Dot Gray told her, she wasn't aware that she had them. She only wished her legs were less often employed on the dance floor, that men would more frequently choose one of the other girls.

"May I have this dance, please?"

She looked up at the big, powerfully shouldered man she had seen talking to Nick Grotti a while ago. He had a cool friendly smile, and she liked his reddish hair because, in contrast to Len Harder's hair, it was not plastered back and smelling of brilliantine. He was rather grave, she thought tiredly, his eyes seemingly on the verge of tears.

"I'm afraid I don't dance very well. I don't get much practice at it. I'm just hoping and praying," he smiled sadly, "that I won't step on your feet."

JOYCE said nothing. Her hopes and prayers had deadened. All that remained of them, just then, was a faint wish that he would pick her up and put her in his coat pocket and waltz her around that way. He looked big enough to do it.

It seemed as if he were trying to say something to her but couldn't get started. Rather strange for a big man to act so shy. But he was quite graceful on his feet, quick and light. At the end of the dance he thanked her. They sat down, and Joyce marveled at the size of his big brown hands.

"Now don't you worry about these tickets." He smiled, showing them in his hand. "I figured you'd be pretty tired dancing such a long time. I bought twenty of these things so you'd have them—and not have to dance."

"That was very thoughtful."

"You're Joyce Brown, aren't you?"

She looked at him with frightened eyes. "Yes."

"You've no idea who I am, I guess? Come to think of it," he stammered, "I can't understand why I never asked you right out to send me your picture. I often hinted at it."

"What!"

"Or why I never got your brother Frank to ask you to send one."

"What!" Joyce spoke as though she were addressing a madman.

"I'm Don Murtry."

"Don Murtry!"

"Yes, Joyce. I guess it's all right to call you Joyce in person—isn't it—since I so often called you Joyce in my letters?"

"Haven't you"—she was staring at him—"haven't you got me mixed up with some other person?"

It was his turn to express surprise. "Didn't you have a brother who went out West—bought a ranch out in Wyoming?"

"What made you think I had?"

"Your name. The address I first went to."

"What address was that?"

"Number 37 Concord Street, Newark."

She shook her head. "I suppose there are any number of Joyce Browns," she mused.

You could see it had completely stumped him. You could see what a gentle and simple guy he was by the way he showed his feelings. No, of course she wasn't Joyce Brown. That is, she wasn't *his* Joyce Brown. He appeared to realize that now, his gaze taking in her environment, the cheap and gaudy surroundings. Don shifted his long legs, and you felt that he wanted to swing them into the saddle and spur his horse out of there on the gallop.

"Well," he said slowly, trying to gather his wits together, "I'm sorry to have taken up your time. I guess where I went wrong — or rather where the Newark postal authorities went wrong—was in steering me to that address in Brooklyn." He took out a bulky pocketbook, from which he took a slip of paper. "It was 3718 Redlands Avenue," he said.

"Yes," Joyce admitted; "I lived there for a while. The reason I moved so much was, I've had so many different jobs."

Don Murtry rose, anxious to go. "Well, I won't keep you any longer. I guess I must have startled you—taking it for granted you'd know my name. You see, it wasn't only the search in Newark and Brooklyn. Her brother and I have been trying to find her for almost a year—that is, by mail. He died a while ago, and I wasn't able to come East until now."

"Wyoming?" Her eyes tried to hold him. He was being eyed by every girl on the floor. Joyce looked at all the dance tickets in her lap.

He sat down again. "It's east of the Teton Range, near Jackson Lake. You have to go out there, I guess, to fully appreciate the beauty of that country. We started out with nothing more than an option on the property, a ranch that had blown down, and everything we owned on the saddles of our two horses."

He was glad to talk about it—you could see that. He was proud of what he and Frank had done out there.

"Right now," he said modestly, "there's six hundred head of cattle there. We entirely rebuilt the ranch, added a lot of extra rooms to it. It's a pretty nice place now."

"Are you all alone there?"

"Well, there's a Chinese cook—Mike, we call him—and four ranch hands. I own half the property. The other half belongs to Frank's sister. That's one of the reasons I came East to find her. The other reason was to try and persuade her—" He colored easily. "There's a dude ranch five miles away where a lot of people from San Francisco come out every summer, and we have singing and dancing in the evenings." He stirred restlessly. "Well, I guess I'll be on my way—"

"It must be nice out there."

"It's the life for me. A little lonesome—now that Frank has gone. The toughest luck that ever happened to a man."

"Tell me about it," said the girl.

"A blizzard came down on us. We had a hard time rounding up the cattle, and Frank caught cold—developed into pneumonia. A year before he got blood poisoning in some way, and he never really got his full strength back. When we first arrived there he was as strong as the horse under him. That was in 1935. That was when I first started writing to his sister. She was a kid of seventeen then.

"Frank was always figuring on getting her and her mother out there as soon as we could scrape up the money to send for them. It wasn't to pan out that way, I reckon. When he was sick that first time, he couldn't even come East to his mother's funeral—"

He paused for a moment. "It's a kind of long and mixed-up story," he apologized. "His mother was living in Newark then—at that address I went to yesterday."

"What happened after his mother died?"

"We kept writing to Joyce—but her letters got fewer and fewer, and finally we didn't hear from her at all. When Frank lay dying, there seemed no way to reach her—" He stopped abruptly, as though unwilling to say any more. He took out his pocketbook again. "Here's a picture of the ranch, if you'd care to see it."

As he produced the snapshots Joyce could see that his pocketbook was stuffed with money.

"Now, this view here," he was saying of one of the snapshots—

"Joyce, you're going to meet us later, aren't you?"

IT was Hank Lieder, and Joyce instantly got to her feet and led Hank away. "Excuse me," she said to Don.

"Certainly." He watched her in earnest conversation with the man, then put his pocketbook away, nodded a smiling farewell to her, and left the dance hall. Joyce's eyes followed him until he disappeared. She never expected to see him again.

She was mistaken—tragically mistaken.

Around five o'clock the following afternoon he appeared in the Ocean Breeze Dance Hall again. On the back of his head a portion of his reddish curly hair had been cut away. In its place was a white cross made of adhesive tape.

Joyce's heart began beating very rapidly.

"I've only one dance ticket this time," he said, handing it to her, "so I don't expect to keep you engaged very long." There was a deadly calm about him, but sympathy—or was it pity?—in his eyes. "I want you to tell me where I can find your friends."

"What—what friends?"

"The two men I saw you talking with in here last night."

Joyce fought to hide her fears from him. "I—I talked with several men—last night."

"I'm doing this—I've come back here"—he was speaking without rancor, firmly but gently—"to save you trouble, if I can. If you won't tell me where to find them, I'll be forced to go to the police."

"But—what have they done?" Her eyes were stark now.

A big hand dismissed this attempted innocence on her part. "It wasn't my money, exactly, they stole. It was *her* money—left her by her brother."

"You—you say they *stole* it?"

"I want you to tell me where I can find them," His compassion for her was fast disappearing.

"W-what are you"—she was stammering—"w-what are you going to do? They're dangerous. They're liable to—"

"I've handled situations before. Give me their names. Tell me where I can find them."

FLYERS!

ATTENTION!

Plan to enter the Bernarr Macfadden Trophy Race, New York to Miami, January 10, 11, and 12, 1941. Entrants will be judged on mile-per-hour basis from starting point to Miami. All planes and motors to be standard marketable types. Routes to be approved in advance by Race Committee.

For complete information address

All-American Air Maneuvers,
Race Committee,
2333 Biscayne Boulevard, Miami, Florida

She hesitated a moment longer, then gave way to him. "Len Harder and Hank Lieder," she said. "They used to live in an apartment in Brooklyn." She gave him the street and number. "If—if they won't let you in," she said, her teeth chattering, "you can reach their apartment, number twenty-two, by way of the back stairs."

Again she warned him of danger—warned him with anxiety on her lips. He plainly saw her anxiety. Anxiety for her friends, no doubt! Don left the dance hall without another word to her.

Boomp, boomp—"I'll never smile again." But Joyce wasn't dancing to it. She got her hat and put her few belongings into her bag. She didn't try to collect the little wages she had coming to her, because Nick Grotti wasn't there and she daren't wait. First of all, she had to get to Prayer Avenue and pack her things. She wanted to hide. Anywhere. Anywhere with the few dollars she had left. She walked past the Cyclone Run and the Flying Boats, past the hot-dog and cold-drink stands; and men, young and old, appraised her legs and tried to speak to her.

She wore a pale blue dress, and her face was lifeless; or maybe it was just starved-looking.

But Don Murtry didn't walk. He ran. He ran in search of the nearest taxi, gave the driver an address, and ordered him to "step on it."

In Brooklyn he went up the back way of an apartment house and listened outside a door numbered 22. The impression he gained was that there were several men in there.

NAW, what's the use taking chances? Almost a day gone already, and we're still hanging around here. I'm telling you, he's the guy all right."

"What makes you so sure of it?"

"Why, chump, the snapshots of the ranch prove that. He's the guy that was partners with her brother out there. Listen. All he has to do is talk coppers to her, scare her, and the first thing you know the dicks will walk in here and—"

"She'd better keep her trap shut—"

There was too much in that revelationary argument for Don to assimilate all at once. The line of his mouth had tightened. Quietly, unavailingly, he tried the door handle. Then, with all his weight back of it, his shoulder crashed the door open.

There were only two men in the room, and both of them were instantly rigid as though in surrender to the police. When Hank Lieder saw that Don was alone, his hand darted to the armpit inside his coat. The gun came into view just as Don reached him. The smash to Hank's jaw was so powerful the gun went flying out of his hand across the room. Hank crumpled.

Apparently the Mink wasn't armed. To remedy this, he had rushed to a drawer in the table, and Don's fist couldn't get a clear shot at his chin. It struck the Mink on the cheekbone near the right eye and split the skin open. The Mink turned to defend himself. Don grabbed him by the shirt and necktie and slammed him against the wall, and with the flat of his hand—hard as a brick—slapped him almost senseless.

"Where is it? That pocketbook—the money?"

The Mink was sick with pain. He nodded to the writing desk. The room had scores of fur coats lying around in it. Coats that women wore. And fur neckpieces. Silver fox. Blue fox.

Don hauled the Mink to the writing desk and partly released him there. The Mink turned like a wildcat. Don let him have it, battered him savagely.

"The pocketbook!"

The Mink was barely able to open

a drawer in the desk. Don took the pocketbook and saw that most if not all the money was still there. He glanced at Hank Lieder on the floor, also at the gun in the corner. For a moment he debated what to do, then acted on his judgment. With a crisp right he knocked the defenseless man cold and let him slump to the floor.

Don walked out of the place, and it was not until he was several blocks away, in search of a police station, that his brain cleared sufficiently to permit reflective reasoning.

"The snapshots of the ranch prove that. He's the guy that was partners with her brother."

Don stopped in his tracks. For the first time in his life he was conscious of a pain harder to bear than any physical injury that could come to him. To go to a police station wouldn't cure that pain. Bringing about their arrest would mean that he'd be sending her—Joyce—to jail along with them. Receivers of stolen goods—fur coats.

The girl who had written him all those sweet innocent letters! The girl he had been seeking, hoping to persuade her to go back to Wyoming with him!

He walked on without aim or sense of direction. Suddenly he shouted to a passing taxi, and when it stopped he sprang inside and told the driver to take him to Coney Island. But Joyce wasn't in the dance hall, and when he went to the house on Prayer Avenue the landlady said that she had moved out, leaving no address.

FOR the following three days and evenings the words of a song summarized Don's whole existence. *I'll never smile again.* Waiting in the Ocean Breeze Dance Hall, he must have listened to the cursed song a thousand times. It still pounded in his ears. Don figured that if Joyce had walked out of there without collecting her pay, sooner or later she might return for it.

"No word, Mr. Grotti?"

"No. And the girls ain't heard anything." Nick was about to say, "Picked up with a new boy friend, I guess." But, with Don looking at him, Nick kept this opinion to himself.

Don was not without an opinion of his own. Having given him the address of her associates in crime—he winced at the possible extent of that association—she had probably gone to them. Birds of a feather sticking together! Don realized that it was senseless of him to try to help her. He wanted desperately to get Coney Island out of his nostrils and catch the first train back to Wyoming.

One thing alone prevented him. Her brother's money, the half interest in the ranch. That was rightly hers, no matter what she was. What was it Frank had said?

"It's going on more than five years since I saw her. She was just sixteen—awful pretty—soft brown hair and the sweetest ways in the world. Promise me you'll look after her, Don—"

A police officer entered the dance hall, spoke to Nick Grotti, and crossed the floor.

"Your name Don Murtry?"

"Yes."

"Know a girl called Joyce Brown?"

"Yes." Don was on his feet, tense.

"Well, she's been calling for you—unconsciously. Calling all the time. She's over at the Coney Island Hospital. Better come along—I've got a car outside."

They left the dance hall, Don climbing in the police car beside him. "You know the girl very well?" the officer asked as they drove away.

"Not—not in one way of speaking—but—" Don moistened his lips. "Did you say—in the hospital?"

"That's where she is. She was shot around seven o'clock this evening. The doctors figure she hasn't got much of a chance. She kept calling your name—Don Murtry—and saying something about the Ocean Breeze Dance Hall."

Shot! Don couldn't say a word. Impossible as it seemed, the pain in his heart had grown more acute. In the hospital? Dying?

"Kind of sad case, I reckon," the officer was saying. "A young girl carefully brought up—we discovered that her mother taught in a select kindergarten for a while—a girl suddenly left on her own without the right kind of friends—"

He turned the car down a quieter, darker street. "She worked in odd places, mostly factories, trying to support herself. Then she met a guy by the name of Harder—Len Harder. We've been after that bird for quite some time. He gave her a fur jacket, and she was picked up—wearing it."

"She got six months in jail. The judge figured she was more or less innocent, but she refused to tell where she got the coat—only repeating she didn't know it was stolen."

DON swallowed. "When—when was that—officer?"

"That was about ten months ago."

The time when her letters had ceased to come!

"The Mink—that's this Len Harder guy—made her take the rap for him. She got a hell of a lot of thanks for it." The officer swore savagely. "The way we figure it, she was out hunting for a job this evening when Harder and his pal come looking for her in their car. He let the poor kid go to prison for six months, and now—for some reason or other—the lousy rat puts a bullet into her back."

Don's shoulders slumped.

"Two of our men chased 'em, shot it out with 'em, and the Mink's in the morgue. Somebody had beat him up awful bad. I never saw a guy with a face all out of shape that way—" The officer looked at Don slumped beside him, noting the huge hands clasped between his knees. "Wasn't you beat up the Mink, was it?"

Woodenly, Don nodded. "They blackjacked me—took my wallet. I made her tell me where they lived—"

"You've got to make a full report of that, buddy. Looks like they took it out of her for the beating you gave 'em. I'll be waiting for you when you come out of the hospital. And here it is. Better make it snappy."

Don sprang out of the car and ran into the building. He was kept a long time before they brought him any word of her, and when it came it was only to say that her condition was critical and that he couldn't be permitted to see her.

IT was an afternoon some days later. Joyce lay on a hospital bed, her soft brown hair almost covering the pillow. There seemed to be nothing more to her than that luxuriant brown hair and small pale face. It was a miracle how she had summoned the strength to survive removal of the bullet from her back and give evidence—according to the doctor's report—of recovery.

"I knew you at once, Don," she said in a faint voice. "My heart was beating with every word you said. But it was saying, 'Don't tell him. Don't ever—ever—let him know. The money doesn't matter, so long as he never knows.'

"I cried for days when your letters were sent on to me in prison—telling me about Frank. But I couldn't write back to you. I was too ashamed. I felt I'd sooner die than tell you."

"Don't think of the past any more, Joyce," he begged tenderly, his eyes moist. "Thank God, it's over and done with. We'll be going far away from here—very soon now. Going home."

"It was because I loved you so much, Don. That's why I couldn't tell you about things—because I loved you for years—through your letters—just the little things you wrote to me."

He kissed her hand. "Remember the time I wrote you about the new modern furniture we—I got for the ranch? Some of it in blue, some in a sort of terra cotta. That was intended for you, Joyce."

"Was it?"

"Why, of course it was—only I didn't know how to explain it to you. And I'm going to build a bathing pool there for you. And we'll invite everybody over from the dude ranch—"

"Oh, Don!" She choked. "The blessed heaven of you."

"D'you know one of the first things I'm going to ask you—when we get there—and you're perfectly well again?"

"No, Don. Tell me."

"I'm going to turn on the radio and say, 'How about a dance, darling? With your husband.'" Don longed to see her smile, so he added: "I won't have to buy a dance ticket, will I?"

She shook her head smilingly. And it was a beautiful smile because of the tears and the pain and the happiness in it.

THE END

1941 wisdom from a Hollywood maker of fun . . Confidentially, he *thinks!*

How to start the New Year

By MISCHA AUER

Looking forward to the New Year? Resolutionist Mischa with Marlene . . in Seven Sinners.

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

WELL, Der Tag has arrived, as we used to say in Smolensk. Down with the Old Year! Up with the New Year! Comes the resolution.

Fortunately, New Year's Day is my favorite day. I like it better than Columbus Day or Groundhog Day or even Laraine Day. For on New Year's I know all my mistakes are behind me and now I can start all over on them. Naturally, I don't care to repeat many of them. In fact, the only one I should like to repeat is—well, I hope I can get Marlene Dietrich to slap my face again!

Of course, as each year begins, I decide over again that I will be a good and better Auer. I will not step on little babies, I will stop slugging my grandmother, I will return the Community Chest funds. At the beginning of each year I am filled with a feeling of moral uplift. Which is proper, because—believe me, my frands—too much of the uplift in this world is confined to noses.

Many people have asked me what I think of New Year's resolutions. And now you, I suppose, are asking: Is Mischa capable of dispensing New Year's advice? Does Mischa think? Confidentially, he thinks—thinks by the Auer. And as a refugee from a Russian resolution (1917-18), he feels well qualified to think and talk on the present topic.

The problem of New Year's resolutions falls into three broad classifications—how to make them, how to break them, and how to escape them. The proper approach is to adopt an attitude of extreme wariness and watchful waiting. In fact, I generally try to make my resolutions *after* New Year's Day. By that time it is too late, so I don't have to go to the trouble of breaking them. But if you must make resolutions, the best way is to use a few pieces of plasterboard of suitable length, bore holes at the ends, and fit them together with library paste. The paste should be weak, so that the resolutions break easily. In making resolutions in Hollywood, we generally use a chisel. You can get one from any reputable agent.

One important suggestion. It is best to make your resolutions at home. But never in an automobile. I don't drive a car on New Year's Eve and I don't think any one should. Especially I avoid being in Broderick Crawford's car. Once he drove me to the location of Trail of the Vigilantes (there, I got it in!) and the speedometer read like the city census. When we got up to three figures the door flew open—and I almost took off! If I drive at all this New Year's Eve, I will certainly not exceed the legal speed limits. Often I have the laugh on my friends when they get killed while driving carelessly. I always say it teaches them a lesson.

For manufacturing firm resolutions one needs absolute silence, dim lights, soft music—and a glass of vodka. If one still lacks courage, I suggest another glass of vodka. After five, resolutions will be pouring out of you. In proof whereof, I now present Auer's own resolutions for 1941 A. D.:

1. I promise to make up with Clark Gable and forever end our grudge of long standing that began when he edged me out for the role of Rhett Butler.
2. I solemnly resolve to pay my 1923 income tax promptly.
3. I resolve to caress on the cranium, with some metal object, the next citizen to take me aside and tell me the newest air-raid shelter or blackout joke. The last good one I heard came from David Niven. It seems

there was a blackout in London. The street was jammed tight with men and women, mingled together in the darkness. It was very quiet. Suddenly a woman's shrill voice broke the silence: "Take your filthy hands off me. Not you. You!"

4. I hereby promise to quit using an electric fan to peel onions, since this spreads odors that make every one cry—a practice which does not befit a famous comedian.

5. I swear that I won't play with my young son's electric train at all, and that I'll have a spare one in reserve when I break it.

6. I resolve to become an outdoor man—to have my corns trimmed before another hiking trip, and to get more enjoyment out of my swimming by learning to breathe above the water and not under.

7. I resolve to avoid, as I would a leper, the type of person who spots you as a comedian, grabs you by the arm in a viselike grip, hisses hot garlic and straight bourbon in your face, and says he has a "wunnerful" story for you. He tells it, amid staggers. You know the punch line five minutes in advance—and when he can't remember it, you supply it, and he slugs you.

8. I pledge never to get the blues in 1941. When I do, I'll remember my dentist—who always feels best when he's down in the mouth.

9. I promise to ignore all mail received during the New Year. It's no fun. You either have to answer it or some one wants something.

10. I resolve never to go fishing again. Never! Because I only catch pneumonia.

11. I intend to speak to my director about allowing me to kiss the heroine in one of my pictures. One does not live by bread—and unemployment insurance—alone. The last time I kissed a heroine was thirty-six months ago. I planted a heated one on Marlene Dietrich and whispered huskily to her, "Sweet, every time I kiss you it makes me a better man." And she replied, "Fine, Mischa, but don't try to go to heaven in one night!"

12. I resolve to murder, on sight, the next person to put a paternal arm about me, stare at me silently, cluck his tongue, and say, "Mischa, old boy, why are you so sad, old boy? There must be something wrong. Yes, there must be. Fess up now—tell me, old boy, what is wrong? You can tell me; I'm your friend." This is grounds for a hatchet murder and justifiable homicide. Can I help it if nature endowed me with a face that looks like a wolfhound with a perpetual hangover?

13. I resolve to avoid those "friends" of mine who are like bad eggs—all right until they're broke.

14. I resolve not to learn the conga, but to wait until the Virginia reel is revived. This will enable me to save all my energy for pinochle.

But now, my frands, we come to a very delicate problem. How to gracefully break a resolution without losing face? This can best be done in a dark room. Myself, I intend to break my resolutions by tapping them gently with the reviews of my last three pictures. (All right, so my gag writer did go over to Bob Hope. I still say old issues of College Humor are just as good.) Anyway, this should be fun. I, Mischa, have never met but one son of a Cossack who didn't enjoy breaking his resolutions. That one slacker not only didn't break his but he didn't even make them. He was a famous trombone player, the only fellow who ever got any place by letting things slide.

There are other problems that confront us in 1941. Personal problems like budgets, income tax, exercise, drinking, jobs (including that red-headed number next door), and so forth. But, take it from Mischa, follow his footsteps, these should be no serious hurdles.

For example, if you want to avoid income-tax worries in 1941, the best thing to do is tell the boss that his new son is *not* cute, and laughingly add that "the little Jukes takes after his dad."

Other problems should be quite as simple. In my own case, there's my career. It worries me not. Instead of making five pictures in one year, I'll make one in five years, like my brother genius Charlie Chaplin. Also, I'll not fret about money. Not a bit. After all, Tommy Manville doesn't, so why should I? And I won't worry about keeping out of jail this year, because my pal Warden Lawes spends most of his time in jail, and he's doing all right.

Now, while it's true that some of my best Russian friends are resolutionists, most of them make one mistake in starting the New Year tight—I mean, right. They don't have the proper attitude toward their employers. I know, for my relationship with my boss at Universal Studios, Mr. Joe Pasternak, has always been rather strained.

WHEN I first came to Hollywood, my agent took me in to see Pasternak. "What the devil!" he exclaimed. "I said I wanted a dwarf for my next picture. This fellow's over six feet tall!"

"That's the great thing about him," replied my agent. "He's the tallest dwarf in the world!"

This was a good start. Definitely interested, Pasternak asked that I take my mask off, since Halloween was still a day away. I said I didn't have a mask on. Finally the great producer spoke again: "We want men who will work, Mischa. Have you any ambition?"

"Ambition?" I said. "I shall never rest until I see you out of that chair!"

He got out of the chair fast. But I was the faster. Fortunately, Universal has a big lot and I soon got lost on it. That's how I've been here ever since. But, in the years that followed, my lovable impulsiveness constantly got me in difficulties—for instance, when Pasternak brought a renowned opera singer from Hungary to appear with Deanna Durbin. I met the singer over a poached egg in the commissary. She wanted to impress me. So she said, "My deah Auer, I insured my voice for $200,000!" So I answered, "And, my deah, tell me—what have you done with the money?"

But now, I'm sure, I've given you a good idea of the pitfalls that 1941 holds in store, and of how to avoid them. So we are now free, precinct workers, to face a more immediate concern. I refer to New Year's Eve.

THE worst New Year's Eve I ever spent occurred about three years ago. The guests were Eddie Cantor, Bob Hope, Ken Murray, Jack Benny, Milton Berle, Roland Young, and Billy Gilbert. I attended because I thought it would save me from hiring a gag writer for the New Year. Well, it was a lively party, all right—like the reading room in the public library. Cantor was afraid to talk for fear Hope and Murray would steal one of his gags, and Hope and Murray were equally sociable. Once Jack Benny coughed—and three guys wrote it down.

As for the approaching Eve, glancing through my telephone book I see the addresses of some of my leading ladies—Madeleine Carroll, Brenda Joyce, Constance Bennett, and Marlene Dietrich. I don't intend to date any of them. If possible, I hope to spend this New Year's Eve with Baby Sandy—because she'll fall asleep early and I'll be on the loose!

I am faced with one more duty in this ditty. At this time of the year, every one from Eleanor Roosevelt and Roger Babson to Norvell and Norman L. Sper is making predictions—you know, cheerful words to usher in 1941. Well, modestly, Professor Auer hasn't much to append. Just one thing: I will not admit that the world is in the punk of condition. But I will admit—

First, that I'm already practicing peeling potatoes, in case I'm drafted. Second, that I believe there should be more glass office buildings in New York—for men of vision. Third, that modernistic art proves that things are not as bad as they can be painted!

Finally, facing 1941 and the New Year, I face it as a confirmed pessimist. One must be a pessimist in this world of ours. It often pays. For if I, as a pessimist, expect to be unhappy in 1941, expect to quarrel with my friends and my employers, to make unwise investments, to be unhealthy—why, then, when everything turns out much better, I will be happy.

So, citizens and Cossacks, no matter how blue you are as you approach New Year's Day, remember always, as I do, that you're not as bad off as the Siamese twin whose sister got ten years in jail!

THE END

See yourself as you want others to see you—This tells you how

Check up on each item of your appearance.

6

FIRST IMPRESSIONS

Seven Steps to PERSONAL SUCCESS

BY PROFESSOR WALTER B. PITKIN

Author of Life Begins at Forty

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

YOU set out to improve your personality. You work first on your appearance. Then you tackle your practical skills. Then your skills at play and pastimes and sports. Then the much larger matter of dealing with people in all sorts of human relations. This is by way of developing your character; and character is the key to personality.

Now comes the shock.

You suddenly find people judging your character by the color of your hair, by the way you stand, by your voice, and by a hundred other items of your physical appearance which you know have nothing to do with any of your character traits. It's preposterous. What can be done to stop it?

Nothing. As long as people are what they are, they'll go on with this blunder. The best you can do is to study tricks of making their blunders harmless—or nearly harmless. This is an art of the highest order. It's half of all diplomacy. Many a diplomat spends his life over it and dies an amateur.

WHEN Wendell Willkie was nominated, his wise old running mate, Charles McNary, warned him to drop wisecracks and antics.

"In ordinary times," said he, "folks would enjoy your breezy greetings and joshing remarks. But now they've the jitters. War and sudden death weigh down upon them. A candidate who takes any topic or person lightly right now is sure to lose many votes."

McNary was right. He knows all about character impressions. He knows they can make or break a man in public life. Probably he remembers what happened to Charles Evans Hughes as he stepped from his train in Oakland, California, to launch his campaign for the Presidency. Somebody in the crowd on the platform spied those immaculate white whiskers that adorn Hughes' face. Somebody yelled: "Look at the feather duster!" The crowd whooped. Reporters picked it up. Cartoonists smeared a thousand sheets with comic sketches of the Feather Duster. And all through the campaign poor Hughes ran as Feather Duster. How much it contributed to his defeat, nobody knows. But it helped.

Senseless? Yes. Just like people. Almost as senseless as a New York banker who used to judge strangers by their shoes. He argued for an hour with me that shoes reveal one's inmost soul. I couldn't follow his reasoning, for there wasn't any to follow. Just goof talk. He proved it by assuring me that I had missed my calling. My shoes and feet proved that I should have gone into politics and become a statesman.

If there's one activity I detest and would fail at from start to finish, it's politics.

You'll be rated up and rated down by foolish people who fancy they see things in their first impressions of you. If you speak slowly, many listeners will infer that you are a deliberate thinker, cautious and sure. If you smile and thrust out a hand of greeting always, people will set you down for a spontaneous, friendly chap.

But you may speak slowly because of an impediment in your speech, or because you think slowly. You may have learned the smile and the glad hand from a book. They may be no more a part of your personality than a bottle of hair dye.

I knew a man whose reputation was ruined because his dinner hostess misunderstood his table manners one evening. He dined at her home in company with ten others. He slumped in his chair. He refused the lady's finest fish and roast. He scarcely spoke to his dinner partner. In the midst of a course, he arose and mumbled an excuse and left the house.

The lady set him down for the world's worst boor. But the poor fellow was facing bankruptcy and a wretched business scandal involving his younger brother. He couldn't tell the truth; so he took a chance, and lost. He showed poor judgment in going to the dinner.

I know another man who has become a surly cynic as a result of having been joshed all his life because of his stature and thinness. Smart boys call him Bean Pole. “When you come back to earth, drop in and see me” is another brilliant gag.

Here the bad impression has been built up by the very people who have caused it. Give a dog a bad name, and he'll bite you. This big boy bites—but only because folks have mistreated him.

You can't end this stupidity without killing off the human race and starting a new species. So what? Master the many little tricks of making such bad impressions harmless.

Three simple rules stand out as helpful above all others: Tone down all conspicuous appearances. Be frank about your attitudes and intentions. Use your strongest traits to overshadow your unfavorable appearances.

The first rule is the same as that followed by the famous Lord Chesterfield and all men of good taste. Chesterfield declared a man to be well dressed if, as he entered a room, nobody observed that he was wearing a new suit. Clothes that attract attention are poor. People ought to see beyond all the trifles.

IGNORANT people are forever saying things like this: “The secret of Miss Smith's personality is her eyebrow.” . . . “Henry's fine personality comes from his gentle voice.” All poppycock. There is only one “secret”—if you want to call it that: it's blend, organization of elements into a smooth unity of living.

The mere fact that somebody notices Miss Smith's eyebrow proves that Miss Smith has an inferior personality. No eyebrow can ever win more than a fleeting glance if it belongs to a powerful personality.

Now, the great question is: Which appearances tend to resist fusing? Which stick out like sore thumbs? Which are most likely to attract unfavorable attention and become a basis for misjudging you?

People notice with a slight shock whatever runs counter to their old habits or to their momentary cravings and expectations. The shock is always unpleasant unless it happens to yield the observer something beyond his expectations and in the direction of his wishes. And why unpleasant? *Because it makes people work.* It compels them to sit up, to think fast, to wonder, to rearrange their ideas.

We all enjoy only what we do easily. And we most easily follow old habits, or we most easily go after the things we want. Beyond that, we find hard going. And we dislike it.

Hence you must first find the strongest habits of the people you are meeting and dealing with. Then you must learn their wishes, aspirations, and expectations. Beware of assuming that any set of appearances will produce the same good or bad effect on all people. Remember that wonderful old Jewish adage: “When with the lions, roar. When with the asses, bray.” And the still older line: “When in Rome, do as the Romans do.”

This advice does not lead to hypocrisy. It refers only to the maintaining of appearances. The aim is to avoid trouble by not being too conspicuous. Check up on each item in your appearance. Find how each is likely to affect the people you meet. Then, if it is unfavorable, find how best to make it inconspicuous.

Drill yourself to speak pleasantly and clearly. Widen the range of your pitch. Most speakers stick to two or three notes which, in time, become monotonous. Then, too, sing your words. Don't clip them short like dots and dashes in a telegraph message. The singing voice pleases most people. It's easier to listen to.

Each profession, each trade, and each region has its own habits and expectations. If you must appear among people within any such circle, study their peculiarities. Conform to these as far as you can *without seeming affected or cheaply imitative.* The slightest hint of affectation will spoil everything.

Here the hardest lesson to learn is that of speech. To speak the language of a trade or profession is to gain admission to the inner circles. But you can't do that without mastering much of the lore; and that takes years. You must know who's who in the field. You must be up with its current news. You must master its technical jargon. Until you do all this, be honest. Don't try to bluff. Admit that you're a rank outsider or just a beginner. People will respect you then, even if they do notice a few unfavorable items in your appearance.

So on to our second rule. Be frank about your attitudes and your intentions. People misjudge character largely because they misunderstand what a person is driving at or where he stands on important matters. Always draw diagrams of yourself, within the bounds of good manners. Let everybody know where you stand, why you do this or that, and what you are working toward.

PEOPLE always suspect what they don't understand. So don't make a mystery of yourself. You invite trouble if you do. Great men and women are utterly obvious in their interests and their motives. Only the warped and the dwarfed personality hides in the dark and burrows underground to get to places unknown.

Thus we come to the third rule. Always use your strongest traits to overshadow what is unfavorable in your appearances. Often you cannot hide it. A giant gains nothing by entering in a wheel chair—still less by having his legs cut off at the knees. A dwarf doesn't improve the impression he creates by entering on stilts. I'll introduce you to another dwarf, though, who followed the wise rule with amazing success.

He's a schoolteacher. He barely won his appointment to the high-school staff because of his stature. The man's best trait is his vivid conversation. He knows much, he keeps abreast of the times, and he loves his work. But all these fine characteristics wouldn't make people forget his stature if he couldn't talk with wit, with gravity, with learning, with flippancy, and with every other manner and tone wanted at times at dinner tables and parties. He has the sure mark of the great conversationalist: he can start a talk so as to make others do most of the talking while he listens. He steers minds. He never preaches. He never rants. He never monopolizes the blessed hour.

“What a fascinating man!” people murmur as the evening draws to its close.

What is your special urge? In his article next week Professor Pitkin explains how to find the key to the mystery that is you.

Nobody mentions his stature.

Which is your strongest trait? Find it. Train it. Then use it with such skill and persistence that people identify you with it, not with some unfavorable petty feature or mannerism. Let me warn you of one danger here. Don't think that some accomplishment is your best trait. Don't think that the accomplishment can take the place of a trait. It may easily blur your personality and provoke misunderstandings or worse.

By an accomplishment I mean playing a musical instrument, mimicking people, singing, doing acrobatic stunts, showing off trained animals, or doing feats of memory and the like. They all belong to vaudeville. The life of the party usually imagines that such vaudeville makes a good impression and leads people to think of him as a fine personality. Alas, how wrong!

The show-off and the cut-up and the ham actor are the absolute zero of personality. Each puts on an act instead of putting himself over. People watch the act and either like it or dislike it. They attend to the act, not to the actor, still less to the human being behind the actor.

Don't misunderstand me. I'm not arguing against anybody's putting on a good show. I'm merely stating the obvious truth that putting on a show and bringing out your personality in a favorable way are two wholly distinct and unrelated enterprises. What a tragedy that so many young people have been misled into believing that they will become popular as human beings if only they can play a few tunes well on a saxophone or can sing some old favorites or can imitate George Arliss!

Every normal person has some characteristic that stands out above most of his others. Let him make the most of it. Let him express his whole nature in and through it. Let it be the center of his private web of life. Then he may be sure that any unfavorable features and manners he may have will score least against him.

THE END

Here's how TO GET MORE OUT OF WATCHING BASKETBALL

by Dick Bray

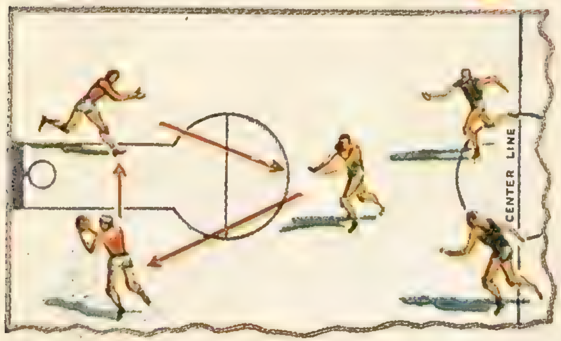
Nationally known official and sports broadcaster

BASKETBALL is the only major game of direct American origin. Alive with speed, conflict and color, in the last few years it has surged to the front in popular favor... and now outdraws any other sport.

Last year, it attracted an estimated attendance of ninety million people. But chances are that only a small percentage of spectators realized that behind the apparently mad scramble of flashing action there are studied formations—planned plays.

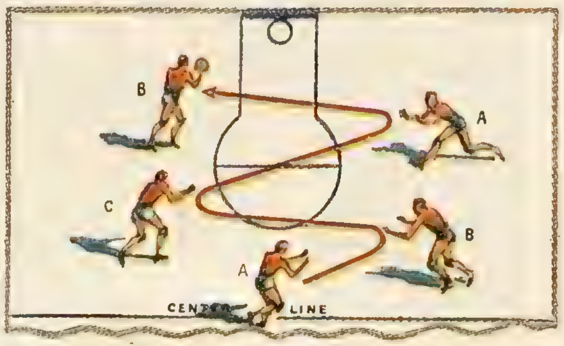
Every top-notch Five that takes the court is schooled in tricky, lightning-paced formations—some of which are described here. Look for them at the next basketball game you see.

TRIANGLE OFFENSE △



ABOVE DIAGRAM shows the triangle system used so effectively by the University of Pittsburgh. Pitt sets up the triangle with two men midway between the sidelines and the basket. The point of the triangle is the man outside the foul circle. He passes the ball to the man on the side of the basket, who shoots. If a miss, the ball is picked up by the man on the other side of the basket and snapped back to the man at peak of triangle. This action continues until the side scores or loses the ball.

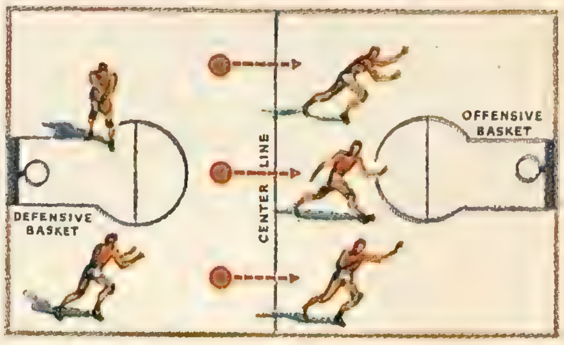
FIGURE EIGHT OFFENSE 8



ABOVE IS DIAGRAMMED the Figure 8 system, one of basketball's fundamental systems of offense. You'll notice the ball is passed back and forth between three players.

Player A passes to player B and then cuts in behind him toward basket. Player C comes across court to take pass from player B. After passing, player B cuts behind player C. This fast-moving shuttling, as it is called, can be carried on until one of the trio cuts for the basket and shoots. It's a fast, shifty play and so is the one outlined below.

FAST BREAK OFFENSE



THE FAST BREAK OFFENSE or "fire engine" basketball is used by teams with clever ball handlers—players who can shoot from all angles. As soon as the ball is put in play, two men race down the court, while the center plays the middle. Dribbles or long passes get the ball down to the forwards who often shoot while still on the run. Split-second timing, nimble footwork and spectacular shooting make this a sparkling play to watch

* * *

Study these formations. Then you'll recognize them when the players blaze into action on the court. And you'll get greater enjoyment from this sport that teems with thrills and is tops in popularity.

Here's how

TO GET MORE VALUE FOR YOUR WHISKEY DOLLAR

1. Look for the whiskey whose perfection reflects 83 years of expert distilling experience.
2. Ask for the blend that's smooth, mellow and clean tasting—different from all others.
3. Insist on the *full flavor* that's magically combined with lightness—hearty, never heavy.
4. Give yourself *top satisfaction* in straight drinks—in glorious highballs and cocktails.
5. Get all these advantages at a thrifty price. You will get them all if you always ask for SEAGRAM'S 5 CROWN.

Seagram's 5 Crown

THE BLENDED WHISKEY FOR EVERY DRINK

FAMOUS
SINCE 1857
Seagram's
5
Five Crown
Blended Whiskey
a distinctive whiskey of rare bouquet and full flavor smooth and mellow
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY
JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM & SONS INC.
LAWRENCEBURG, IND
NINETY PROOF
FULL QUART

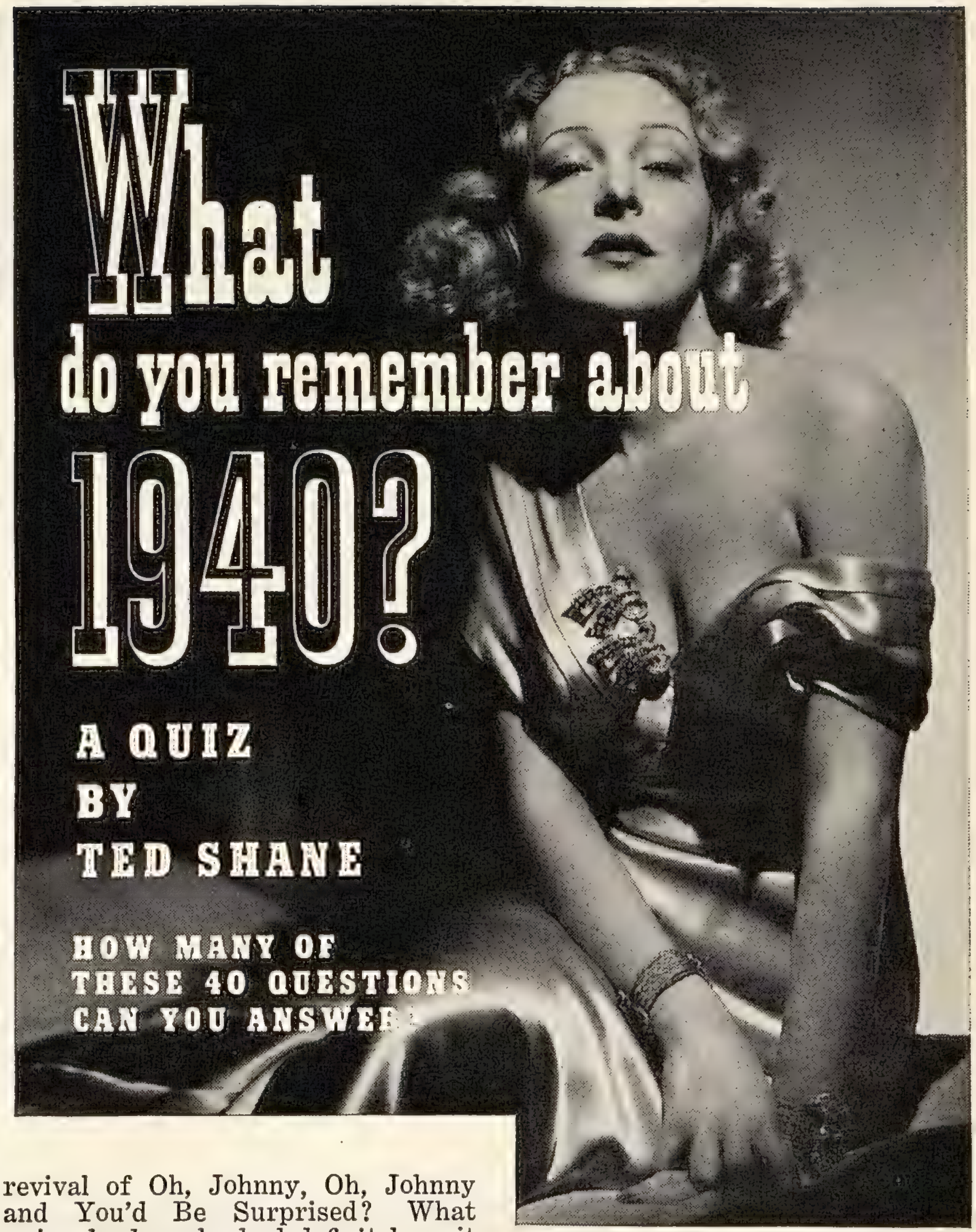
• Thank you, Dick Bray, for pointing up the "ins and outs" of this fast-moving, thrill-packed sport. And speaking of top popularity reminds us of something that's mighty popular with so many of us fans.

It's Seagram's 5 Crown—a whiskey that's smooth and satisfying—a whiskey that's A-1 with our pocketbooks. Ask for Seagram's 5 Crown today.

Here's how

SAY SEAGRAM'S... AND BE SURE

Seagram's 5 Crown Blended Whiskey. 72½% neutral spirits distilled from grain. 90 proof. Copyright 1940. Seagram-Distillers Corp., New York.



What do you remember about 1940?

A QUIZ BY TED SHANE

HOW MANY OF THESE 40 QUESTIONS CAN YOU ANSWER?

Grade yourself as follows:

35 Correct	Excellent
30 Correct	Good
25 Correct	Fair
20 Correct	Passing
Under 20	Failing

1—Who won the Rose Bowl game played on January 1, 1940? The Fingerbowl Game?

2—What country won what four countries without firing a shot?

3—The "Barefoot Boy of Wall Street" was applied to what famous man by whom?

4—Identify the following: A railway car. Oran. Dakar. June 14.

5—A well known columnist was responsible for the jailing of a labor leader. Name each of them.

6—What noted ex-mayor finally got a job?

7—What baseball teams were favored to win their respective big leagues' championships and what odds were quoted on them?

8—Name four monarchs forced to give up their thrones because of the war.

9—Of what famous best seller was Robert Jordan the hero and what is the background of the book?

10—What radio comedian chews tobacco and said: "When you smoke cigarettes you're likely to burn yourself to death—with chewing tobacco the worst thing you can do is drown a midget!"

11—The last novel of what well known American author was published posthumously?

12—Who was elected President of Cuba? Of Mexico?

13—Where was Fort Eben Emael and how was it supposed to have been taken?

14—For what purpose did an inventor stake 200 goats in a field, and what was the result?

15—What common substance was discovered to contain twenty-eight times the normal amount of vitamins per pound of dried fruits and vegetables?

16—The growth of what hirsute attachment on what well known romanticist occasioned much publicity?

17—What horse won the Kentucky Derby? The Preakness?

18—What movie star was criticized severely for participating in the Battle of France?

19—Who declined the Pulitzer Prize for what?

20—Who threatened to leave the country if President Roosevelt was elected? And who promised to eat a column he had written on the same subject if F. D. R. won? Did they carry out their promises?

21—"Soundies" were invented and placed on the market in 1940. What are they and who was responsible?

22—What was the "Second Battle of Squat Tag" and how long did it last?

23—What movie made fun of Shakespeare? Hitler and Mussolini? Advertising?

24—Who was responsible for the revival of Oh, Johnny, Oh, Johnny and You'd Be Surprised? What swing leader who had definitely quit dance bands forever came back?

25—Who won the Poughkeepsie regatta? The Yale-Harvard race? The National Singles championship? The Zivic-Armstrong fight? The governorship of Massachusetts? The hand of Ann Sheridan?

26—Which of the following was the basic income-tax rate of Britain raised to: 42½ per cent; 5 per cent; 19 per cent; 100 per cent?

27—For the first time in one hundred years what European army captured territory belonging to Great Britain?

28—What was the score in the national Presidential election by popular vote and electoral?

29—The following couples were either married or divorced. Which did which? Helen Vinson and Fred Perry; Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier; Vincent Astor and Helen Dinsmore Huntington; David Niven and Primula Rollo; Carter Glass and Mary Scott Meade; Oscar Vitt and the Cleveland Indians; Frankie Frisch and the Pittsburgh Pirates; Loretta Young and Thomas Lewis.

30—What college put up a loud squawk against overemphasis? What coach was accused by whom of sideline coaching? What college abolished football? What college deemphasized it and became most scholarly?

31—What was the knee-action incident?

32—What was the largest sum paid by the Pot o' Gold in 1940?

33—These 1940 movies had a theme in common: The Mortal Storm, Escape, The Great Dictator, Foreign Correspondent. What was it?

34—Who is the National Open Golf Champion and what incident during the play caused comment?

35—Identify Ramon Serrano Suñer. Charles de Gaulle. Betty Jamieson. Ken Overlin. The Jukes. Gayda. Lord Haw Haw. The Churchill. The Evzones.

36—What Negress was the first ever to receive the Academy Award for her work in what?

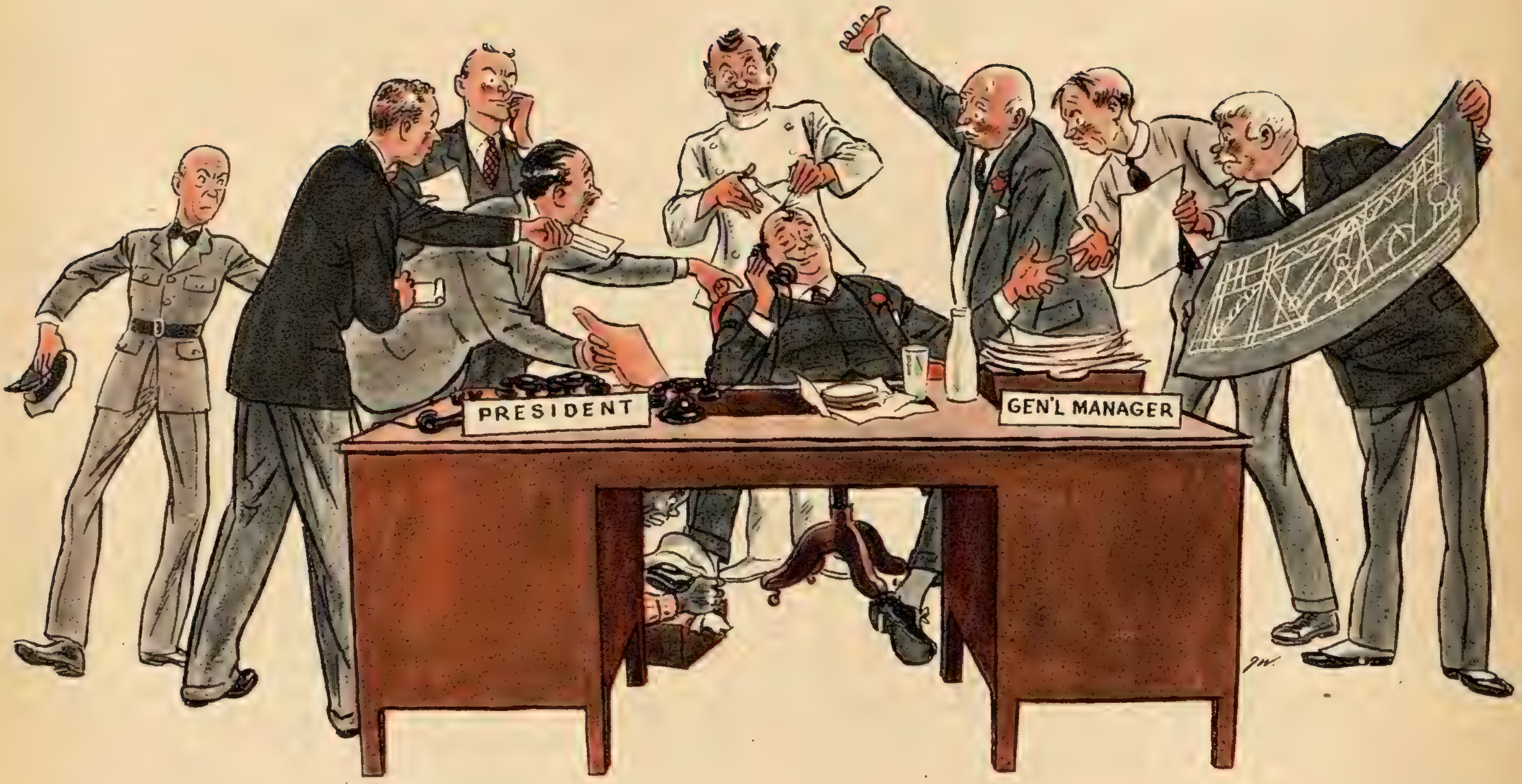
37—Who was murdered with a pickax?

38—Who appeared on the New York stage driving around a piano attached to his bicycle—while Jane Pickens sat on the piano and sang?

39—What cynical definitions of (a) an economist and (b) a diplomat went the rounds in 1940?

40—Name the Cornell backfield.

(Answers will be found on page 34)



The man who had hoped to be Foreman

TALK ABOUT going 'way beyond the mark you've set for yourself . . .

When we lowered the price of Paul Jones Whiskey, about a year and a half ago, we naturally expected some sales increase.

And what happened? Paul Jones' popularity *increased five fold!* Paul Jones became one of the fastest-selling whiskies in the country!

Why? It looks as if people just naturally like Paul Jones' keen, zestful *dryness*—the complete absence of any sweetness.

Of course, we'd known for years that a great many people appreciated *dryness* . . . people who knew how much better *dry* champagnes and sherries are . . . and who realized the difference *dryness* can make in a whiskey.

But the qualities that made Paul Jones famous also made it expensive. And many people who wanted Paul Jones simply couldn't afford it. So, without changing a single one of Paul Jones' expensive qualities, we made it a popular-priced whiskey.

If you're one of the thousands who buy Paul Jones, you know what a bargain it is . . . how brisk and tangy and grand its *dry* flavor is. If you haven't tried it, give your palate *and* your purse a treat—get a bottle today!

Paul Jones
A Blend of Straight Whiskies

TRY DRY **Paul Jones** TODAY!

A blend of straight whiskies, 90 proof. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore

PAUL JONES IS NOW FIVE TIMES AS POPULAR AS BEFORE

READING TIME ● 27 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

The telling of the Bees

A haunting tale of human hearts, and the tragic trail of a woman's outlawed love

WHEN Marcia woke, she thought at first that the week-long spring rain still beat against the roof. But her eyes opened to brilliant sunlight on the unpainted wooden partition which divided the cabin into two rooms. It was wind she had heard, a gay wind out of the north, running a rough hand over the new green of larches and birches, making a fragrant snowstorm of petals from the apple trees. She drew a deep breath of delight, shaking back dark hair from her full throat, straining the cotton nightdress over her firm deep breasts. She was in haste to be out, watching the wind dry the sodden furrows of the garden.

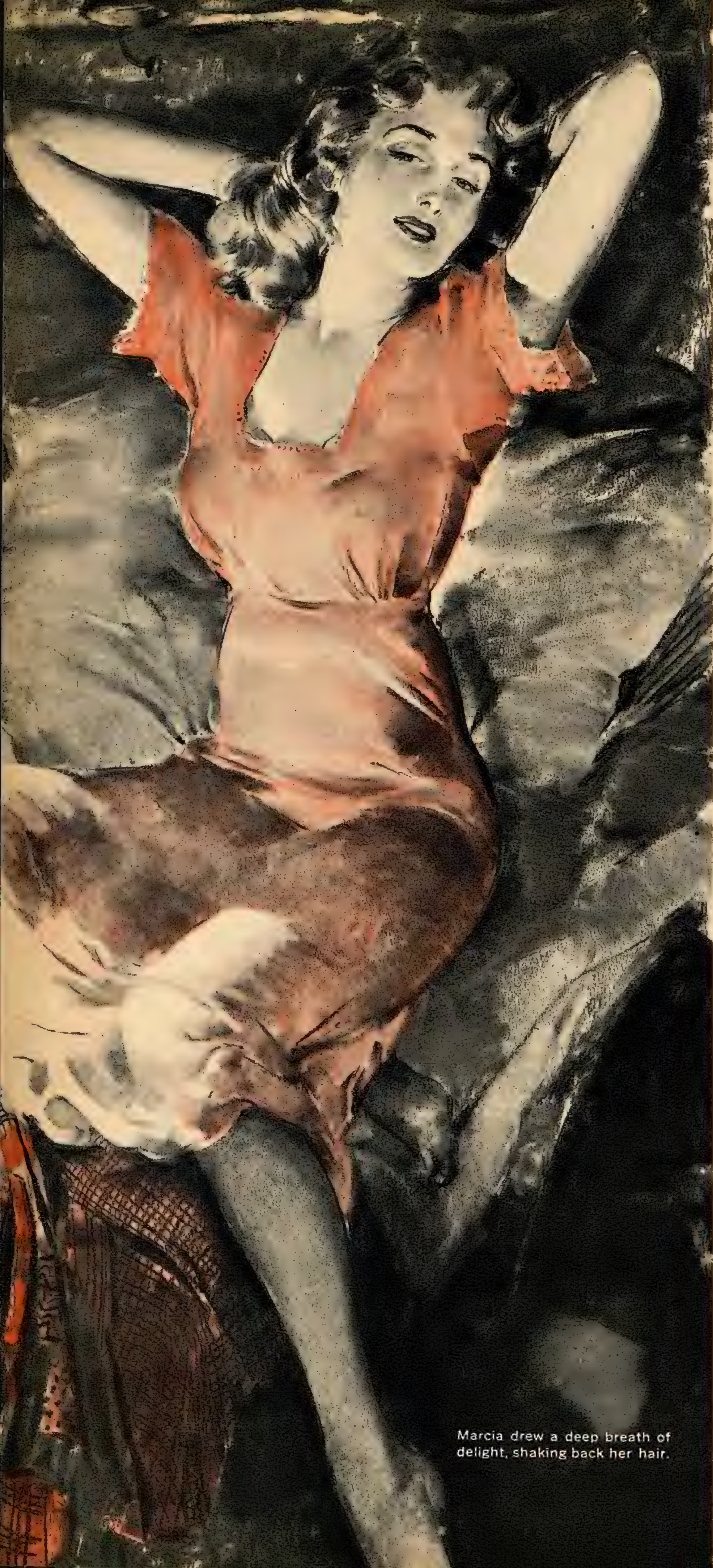
She laid a fire in the kitchen stove; she drew a bucket of water from the well just outside the door, her toes curling against the cool granite well curb. She was dressed before the kettle boiled, in a man's shirt, the sleeves rolled above her elbows, and faded denim overalls, above which her heavy-lashed eyes looked almost purple. Standing in the doorway she ate her breakfast, coffee with condensed milk, a thick slice of bread.

Spring had been late this year, when her longing for it had been toxic in her blood, so that time was a barred window against which she bruised herself in vain. In spring, Stan had said. When the blueberries are in flower again. It wouldn't be decent sooner. That much I owe Dolly. That was the day after Dolly had been buried.

Sitting in her kitchen that night, forgetting to build up the fire, so that the cold crept up to her knees, to her heart, she had gone over his words. Had he meant anything, about the blueberries? Oh, only that he remembered, as she did, last spring! And now, standing in her doorway, the north wind lifting her hair, the sun tingling at its roots, she remembered last spring as she had remembered it since then, invoking it deliberately, drifting into it in dreams, drinking it like wine.

She had gone up to the blueberry fields—it was in May, last year—to try to spray the blossoms. She wanted to sell the fruit to the canning factory, and the inspector condemned all unsprayed fruit. She had not known how to work the blower. Bill, her husband, had been lazy enough, but he had taken care of the berries. Only, Bill wasn't taking care of anything any more, having driven his truck into a ditch and smashed his drunken skull on the way home from a New Year's spree.

Marcia had sat down on a rock with the can between her knees, struggling to free the pump, when she felt a shadow between her and the sun. There was Stanley Douglas, grinning down at her, his long lean body relaxed, his eyes amused. Had she been cursing out loud? She jumped to her feet, indignant.



Marcia drew a deep breath of delight, shaking back her hair.

Stan was their neighbor. When Bill had moved her out here, into the shack he had built on the site of the burned homestead, Stan had been friendly. But Bill had resented him, feeling the contempt which a mean man feels for an upright man, and Stan had stopped coming over. As his wife, Dolly, never went out anywhere—Marcia didn't know what ailed her—the two families might have had an ocean between them instead of only a mile of pasture and woods.

Marcia had thought about Stan, his easy graceful stride, his body with its broad shoulders and slim flat thighs; his proud steady eyes, very blue in his tanned thin face. What did a man like that do with a sick wife, anyway? Bill was flabby and white like a mushroom. What had seemed strength when he courted her had turned out to be pure meanness. Marcia was bored, restless. (The night they brought Bill home, that doctor from the town had said, " Well, are you satisfied now? " Had Bill lived long enough to say anything? What could he say, anyway? She had told him he was too drunk to drive. Bill wasn't smart enough to guess she had known that would send him off! The doctor, for all he was so smart, couldn't guess.)

After Bill's death, Stan had come over a few times. He had offered to do the spring plowing. Marcia had driven, Stan following, guiding the plowshare, easy deft strength in every movement of his body, the smell of the damp earth strong in her nostrils. It was a rite binding them together, sweat, fatigue, the earth, the rhythm of the work. At the end of the morning Stan had thrown the plow into the wagon, had backed the horse into the shafts, adjusted a buckle or two, smiling at her as he vaulted into the seat. Marcia had leaned against the wheel, her heart beating urgently.

" Stan! " she had said, and reached a hand to his knee. He had looked at it and lifted the reins.

By **HELEN HULL**

" That's nothing," he said. " Glad to help you out." He had driven off with a great clatter.

He hadn't come again, until that last spring morning when he laughed at her ineptness with the blower. " Here, let me show you."

" You needn't laugh! " she had cried. " I can fix it myself! " Then they were wrestling over the pump; he pried her arms apart, bent back her fingers, the can rattled over the stones, and Marcia was in his arms, her breasts pressed close under the strong arch of his chest, her mouth on his, the earth whirling, her blood humming loud—or was it the steady, monotonously sweet vibrations of the bees? He pulled away from her, and when she moved toward him, made a barrier of his hands.

"No!" he had said. "No more of that."

"Oh, love me, Stan! Love me!"

"I won't. Dolly—"

"She needn't know."

"I would know." His face had an ashy hue under its tan. "No more of that. You hear?" He strode away, not once looking back.

THAT had been last spring. A year ago. Summer, fall, winter, and now another spring. Today, tomorrow, Stan would come! The summer would be rich in delight and fulfillment. He had done his duty to the thin sharp woman he had married; he could forget her now, and Marcia need no longer dull her hunger for him with a dream. She, too, could forget the past year; she need never think of it again. And yet, as she walked toward the cleared slopes above the house, fragments of it darted across her mind.

That day in November, for instance, when Stan's housekeeper had come to her door. (His wife never lifted a hand, so people said.) Her daughter was sick, the housekeeper said, and she must go to town. Mis' Douglas thought maybe Mrs. Barrows, being a widow and having no one to do for, she might be willing to come in for a few hours in the middle of the day, when Mr. Douglas was away. Chopping pulpwood, he was. Mr. Douglas thought she wouldn't have time, the woman went on, but Mis' Douglas said just till they found some one else, maybe.

Marcia's eyes grew bright. A way to see Stan! To learn things about him! To see this ailing wife who held him away from her! "I'll be glad to help out," she had said. "I don't mind a few hours a day."

If Dolly had been a different kind of woman—Marcia stopped, hands inert at her sides, her nostrils pinched, her body caught in a web of recollection so intricate, so intense that movement, except into the past, was impossible. If she would walk, she might escape Dolly's sallow face, with the large hazel eyes, the petulant mouth; her voice, with its queer overemphasis, its reiterations; her odor, perfume, orris root she brushed into her hair, warm woolen smell from huddling near the stove, heated rubber of the water bag she held always to an ache in her side or her stomach or her shoulder.

Marcia drew a long shuddering breath. How had she held her tongue all those days and weeks, simulating sympathy, listening to symptoms, scalding her fingers as she filled the water bag, stifling as she piled more wood into the stove? At first she had thought Dolly must have wind of something, she boasted so of Stan's devotion.

"You must always go home before he comes," Dolly had said that first day. "He doesn't like any one in the house except me. He's that way. Mrs. Peasley always stayed in the kitchen."

Presently Marcia had understood that Dolly had a consuming jealousy of Stanley which included even the livestock on the place, and that her boasting about his devotion covered her fear, and that Marcia was just any female under eighty to be kept out of his sight.

Dolly's bedroom was on the ground floor, opening from the dining room. The door into the parlor was kept shut. Marcia moved from kitchen through the dining room, into Dolly's room, carrying wood for the stoves, seeing tokens of Stan. Felt slippers under the range. The way he whittled curls on sticks of kindling. The way he rinsed and stacked the breakfast dishes. She began to leave tokens. A spray of orange bittersweet berries over the kitchen clock. Scarlet-black alder branches in a blue glass vase on the dining-room mantel above the sealed-up fireplace. Even a clumsy darn in the thumb of a woolen glove dropped in the woodshed.

The first week Dolly had talked incessantly about her people, her childhood. Showing off, thought Marcia. How fine she is! She'd never been strong; her father always said, "Some one must always take care of my little Doll." Why, she'd never even washed a dish until she married!

DOLLY had been inquisitive about Marcia. "Where'd you live before you came here? You aren't from these parts, are you?" Farther down east, was all Marcia would say. (She was through with her past; she'd run away and left it. Dolly's prying drew it close for a moment, herself ragged, dirty, taking care of babies, one a year, spindly, rickety little brats with diapers hanging down. "Be grateful you've got a home," her mother would say. "Not all men would have done it, but when I married him, I said, 'Now here's Marcia.' And he said, 'Bring her along.'" Her mother'd been just seventeen when she had Marcia, it'd been a year before she got herself a husband, and Marcia had paid in hard labor for whatever fun her mother may have once had. Until she was old enough to go out to work. Then she didn't go back.)

"I used to be awful pretty," Dolly was saying fretfully. "The whitest skin. And now look at me!"

Marcia, looking, felt her own vitality rise on a tide of exultance. You haven't got much now, she thought. You think you've got Stan? Wait and see!

Dolly went on to talk about her lack of health. Stan was really to blame, and he knew it; that was why he tried to make things easy for her. She'd told him she wasn't strong enough to have a baby, but you know how men are. She'd been terribly sick, they'd had to operate, she'd never had a well day since. She had grown animated and flushed as she described the operation. Only now it was her stomach. Stan had taken her to the hospital in October—last month—and they'd taken X-rays and everything, and the doctor said there was nothing wrong, only her nerves. She didn't like the doctor. He sided with Stan, pretending nothing was wrong with her.

To all this Marcia had listened, keeping her face humble and attentive, moving about the house with her step leashed and quiet. And within her, her passion had crouched, dark, feral, alert.

On some days Dolly would not get out of bed. Even then she would eat greedily whatever Marcia brought on the varnished black tray and set beside her. She craved sweets, frosted cakes, prunes in syrup, a bag of cheap bright candy from the meat-and-grocery cart which came each week. That she hid under her pillow, nibbling when she thought no one was looking.

On other days she would get up when Marcia came, would choose one of the warm gay bathrobes—the pink blanket robe or the red corduroy — mail-order purchases, and then would sit for hours in front of the mirror at the walnut dresser with the marble top, curling her hair, the room close with the brash odor of scorched hair, with the sooty smell of the kerosene lamp, smoking as Dolly held the curling tongs in the chimney.

"I'd like to try a henna rinse," she would say. "My hair used to be like gold, real bright. But Stan won't let me send for anything more." She combed out curls, softening them over her finger. "That's the doctor's fault, too. He wants I should use just his medicine, so he can get a rake-off. Some of the medicines you see advertised are certainly wonderful."

AT the time Marcia scarcely listened to Dolly's chatter; later it repeated itself against her inner ear. "I used to send for some of them, and they made me feel better, but I didn't say anything about them, because I knew the doctor would be mad. There was one, an Elixir of Youth it was called. Glands, you know." She primmed her mouth. "It makes your skin white, your eyes bright, it gives you back allure. It said that on the bottle. I took almost two bottles and I could see a big difference. Only then I was sick and Stan found the bottles in the closet, and the doctor just raved! He said it was pure poison, arsenic. He couldn't find out what's the matter with me, and so he blamed that." She turned her head, her large eyes vindictive. "I sent for another bottle, but it never came. If I thought Stan took it—"

One day, later, Dolly had said, "Stan wants to get a regular housekeeper. He says you never meant to stay all winter; it was just a favor as a stopgap."

Marcia was sweeping the dining room. She stopped, her hands closing hard over the broom handle, her heart swelling. He couldn't stand it, the thought of her in his house all day! Last night she had left on the kitchen table the red handkerchief she tied over her hair. He had seen it; perhaps he had touched it.

He is afraid, thought Marcia, if the fullness of her throat, the swift running of her blood could be called thought. He knows we are coming together! When he comes in at night, the house feels different because I have been here loving him.

Was it that night, or later, that she had known what she would do? Or had the knowledge lain coiled, waiting, in the dark center of her being from the moment she had first walked into the house, and had that dark self acted without a moment of conscious decision, of choice? And having acted, had thrust back into darkness all thought of what she had done, as if in achieving oblivion she achieved safety? For she was safe now, and Stan was free, and spring had come. The blueberries were in bloom.

No one would ever know how clever she had been. That was a pity. It would be fine, years from now, when all danger was outlawed, a worthless debt, to jeer at Dr. Kirk; to say, "I outsmarted you, for all your smug sureness!"

"Are you quite sure, Mrs. Barrows, that you didn't send for this patent medicine for Mrs. Douglas? You say she spoke about it. Did you ever see her taking it?" His suave voice angered her, for all she knew just how she must widen her eyes and let her lips part, meek, puzzled, ingenuous.

"Dolly told me about it," she had said. "She said she had sent for it and it hadn't come. Weeks ago. Before Christmas. She told me you said it was bad for her. Why would I send for it?"

"Why, indeed? And if she *did* take it, where's the bottle?" Dr. Kirk had stared at her, and she had met, had endured his probing eyes with no movement except a little troubled sigh.

MARCIA heard a car, the sound of the motor irregular as the machine slowed in spring ruts, climbed a rough hill, approached. She stepped back into a growth of alders, and as the car passed, peered out. A black coupé, and behind the wheel, slouched in the seat, the doctor, his profile grim under the brim of a gray hat. Where had he been? To see Stan? Marcia folded her arms under her breasts, lifting them, trying to still the great jump her heart gave. Why should he want to see Stan after all these months? He had signed the death certificate. Acute indigestion.

Marcia walked on to the blueberry slopes. Long hillsides arched gently against the brilliant blue of the June sky, a close cover of tawny, rose-hued, green leaves, lustrous, with huge gray boulders, and lines of darker gray ledges. She chose the boulder where she had sat last year, and sank down, hugging her knees, her back turned to the road, not to tear herself to pieces watching, straining her eyes for the glimpse of Stan.

And again, as if she must finish the story before she could be rid of it forever, she thought she heard Dolly's thin voice, complaining of pains in her stomach. That was in January, after a sleet storm, and the trees about the house were brittle glass, cracking in the wind; the roads were sheer ice. Marcia had telephoned the doctor, at Dolly's urgency. "Take her temperature," he had said, in an exasperated voice. "She's been overeating again, that's all. Call me back if she has any fever; otherwise give her a good dose of castor oil. Keep her off sweets, if you can. I can't get out there unless it's serious."

Dolly had anxiously taken her own temperature, but she couldn't coax any fever reading no matter how she tried. So she had taken the tonic Dr. Kirk had left, and after a few days stopped complaining.

In February Dolly had died, picking a blizzard to make things as bad as possible for everybody. Stan had been at home, stormbound, for almost a week, and Marcia had not been near the house. "I'll send for you by the stage when I want you again," Dolly had said. She had smirked. "Stan and I have just the cosiest time together." That had been the afternoon the storm began.

Marcia did not know how long the storm had lasted. The brief dim day blurred into night; night, with its whirling snow catching lamplight beyond the window, was almost as light as day. She had not gone to bed. She had slept on a chair, her head down on the kitchen table, waiting, waiting. She had been sitting there, unable any longer to sleep even for a few minutes, when Stan's fist beat against the door.

"You see? I told you there was a burglar downstairs!"

"Dolly's sick." He looked like an old man, the snow frosting his eyebrows, his chin. "She's awful sick. Can you get over? I'm driving out to the end of the road to pick up the doctor. He can come along the highway that far in his car—the plow's coming through ahead of him. You got a lantern? It's drifting."

Stan had gone on at once, not waiting. She plowed through drifts, some of them deep enough to throw her, so that she squirmed along on her belly until she could get a foot down to earth again. She found wind-blown stretches where she could run, the lantern swinging crazily.

WHEN she finally reached the Douglas house she had to dig away snow with her hands before she could get up the steps to the kitchen door. Dolly was dead, her eyes peering under discolored half-closed lids with an opaque maliciousness. Marcia had stood looking down at her, and the fire in the round black stove made a cackling sound. "*Cosy*," said Marcia.

She had gone back to the kitchen, to strip off mackinaw and boots, to wipe sweat from throat and face, to lay birch sticks on the coals in the range, to set a kettle of water forward where it would heat. She tried, now, to stop her recollection at that moment, but for all she lifted her head to look across at the sunlit varicolored slope, she saw instead that supper table, with dishes on the red-checked cloth, she felt in her muscles the wary haste with which she had cleared the table, she felt on her cheeks the heat from the fire as she scraped remnants of food from the plates into the blaze. She could feel the knot, a kind of concentrated nausea, at the pit of her stomach when, as she dropped the lid into place, the door opened, and the doctor and Stan came stamping in.

"She—is she—" Stan had cried out. Marcia had nodded. "Oh, my poor Dolly! I shouldn't have left her. I didn't know what to do!"

The men had hurried into the bedroom, and Marcia had gone stolidly on clearing up the kitchen, not even trying to overhear. It wasn't till the next morning that Dr. Kirk had asked her that question about the patent medicine. "*Are you quite sure, Mrs. Barrows?*" Some symptoms of arsenic poisoning, he had said. "She had an idiosyncrasy for arsenic," he had added, to Stan not to Marcia. "I tried it in her tonic and discovered she couldn't take it. I thought I'd made it clear about that damned nostrum."

Marcia lifted her head again, she pressed the palms of her hands against the warm granite, her throat swelled in a deep breath of the sweet air. She had heard a twig snap underfoot. She listened. He was coming at last! She moved to her feet, a swift supple upflowing of her body, shaking off the past, and turned.

She had thought, in all her dreaming of this day, that he would come striding toward her with an ardor to match her own, with the swift rush of wind and water and high spring tides. Her first glimpse of him, as he emerged from the shadow of the pines, altered the rhythm of her body; her nostrils widened, she lifted her head apprehensively. He walked as if he dragged a weight, no resilience in his step, no eager searching for her in the angle of his head. He was sick, or overtired, or—had Dr. Kirk said something? What was there to say? Oh, it must be only her fancy, because she had let herself brood over what was dead and done with. Not any feeling of guilt. Whatever she had done was justified.

Now he stood beside Marcia, beautiful, looking at her, and Marcia clenched her fingers into her palms because she was weak with longing to lay her hand against his chest, there where the fair hair curled crisp in the V of his open shirt.

"Well," he said deliberately, looking away from her over the blueberry land. "Fine day, isn't it?"

"Did you come out here to tell me that?"

"No." He was frowning, brows drawn down. "Let's sit here, on this rock." He sat beside her, not touching her. He leaned forward to pick a sprig of blueberry, small creamy bells of blossoms hanging along the stem between new coppery leaves.

"They're in bloom," said Marcia. "Oh, what is it, Stan?"

"All winter I've been waiting for today. It might be I was too eager. Your skin's like that blossom, smooth and creamy, your eyes are the color of a ripe blueberry."

MARCIA made a quick movement, sliding nearer to him, reaching for his lean brown hand.

"No!" He did not move, but she drew back, holding her breath, every sense alert. "When I woke up, I said today's the day! I was r'aring to come! I went rushing through the chores. I'd 'a' been here hours ago, waiting for you, but the doctor drove in just as I was starting."

"Oh, him!" Marcia's fear lashed out as scorn.

"I hadn't seen him since Dolly went." Stan spoke slowly, as if the words, or the thoughts behind them, were so strange to him that he could only fumble over them, wondering at their possible use. "He said he wasn't ever satisfied about her dying. He'd got in touch with the firm that makes that patent medicine, that elixir poor Dolly sent for. He threatened trouble for them. They wrote him Dolly never ordered any more, not after that bottle I kept from her last fall, and I busted that. And they said they never had any order from Marcia Barrows."

"He suspected I'd sent for it?" cried Marcia.

"He said somebody gave her that —or something else with arsenic. He said he had no proof. He wouldn't make a scandal of it. He knows I'd have died before I'd let Dolly be hurt."

"He's trying to turn you against me! Don't you see? Filling your head—"

"But why should he?"

"Why?" Marcia's thoughts whirled on padded feet, swift, fugitive, seeking escape. "Because he's jealous, that's why! I never told you — Do you think he liked it when I wouldn't have him? He thinks he can get any woman he wants. It was after Bill died—"

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Stan turned his face toward Marcia, the vein swelling on his forehead, the cords of his throat taut. "Is that it?" he asked hoarsely.

Marcia nodded, teeth set in her lower lip, tears brimming her eyes. "'Keep your hands off me,' I said. He tried to frighten me. You'd never suspect the kind of man he is, Stan. You're *good*. He said he'd spread it around that I goaded Bill into starting off that night with the truck when he was drunk. Maybe he told you that, too!" She let the tears roll down her flushed cheeks, she was innocence and helplessness.

"He said you were unscrupulous," said Stan slowly. Marcia could see the way his anger washed against the foundations of an old loyalty. "He's done so much for me all these years Dolly's been sick. If he—even if he couldn't have you, why should he try to do this to us? He was my friend."

"What else did he say? Tell me," urged Marcia.

"I said to him that I meant to marry you. And he said, 'Ask her first why she was in such a hurry to clear away the supper table. Ask her what she burned up in the stove that night.'"

Marcia pressed her knees together, tight; under them, in the hollows of the sockets, the skin crawled. But her voice was clear, almost mocking. "Was he hinting I put poison in the tea, maybe? I hope you told him I hadn't been near your place for days."

"I told him. I told him what we had for supper, pancakes and sausages and Dolly wanted something sweet, and the syrup jug was empty, so I got her a comb of honey from the cellar. A fresh comb; it hadn't been broken, I was sure of that."

"Did he think I should have saved a cold pancake?" asked Marcia boldly.

"He said didn't you keep bees, and I said yes, I guessed so, but I didn't know as the honey was yours, and anyway it was a fresh comb." Stanley stared at her, his face contorted in a queer despairing rage. "Why would he do this, trying to come between us? He has his own wife— My head will burst, trying to—" He twisted his long body suddenly, flinging himself to his knees beside her, thrusting his head down on her lap.

Marcia bent over him, drawing him up a little so that his face pressed her breast, laying her hand strongly against his neck, and her eyes were wide and brilliant with triumph.

"There," she murmured. "There!"

HE shivered once, and then was quiet. Very quiet. The wind had dropped as the sun rose, and all about them was quiet. Not a sound, not even a bird's call. Marcia felt a change in the pressure of his body against her knees, a slight lifting of his head, a tension, a listening, and then he pushed away from her, his face white and strained.

"A year ago," he said, "when I kissed you, the air sang with bees, there was a humming like a thousand violin strings in the air around us, and now it is as still—as still as death." His face was level with hers, his eyes had a premonition of horror. "All last summer," he said, "I'd sworn I wouldn't think of you, I'd get you out of my blood. And then—bees in the clover as I worked the garden, bees in the syringa bush outside the bedroom window, in the hollyhocks at the door, and before I knew I'd heard them, I'd be sick with longing. I came to dread the sound, it stirred me up just when I'd got hold— This spring, when I heard the bees first in the apple trees, I wanted to shout! I had been faithful, I had given Dolly a few months extra." He got to his feet, retreating. "And now—as still as death!"

"Must you have bees buzzing before you can kiss me?" Marcia stumbled up from the rock. She wanted to throw herself against him, to warm his hard cold mouth; but her body was pinned to the earth with the bright lance of fear. "Are you crazy?" she shrilled.

"I'm troubled. What makes you look so scared?"

"All these months I've waited for you, not complaining. And when you come, instead of loving me, you talk about dreadful hints the doctor spoke, you talk about Dolly, and now bees! What woman could stand it?"

"A woman could wait till I figure out what's troubling me," Stan answered, his face set in stubbornness. "It's not natural, the stillness. Marcia, where are your bees?"

(She should not have met him here. Ah, if he could hear the blood roar in her ears he would not miss the bees! If she was careful—there was no proof, no way for him to know!)

“Why, I guess they're all dead,” she said, and made her voice plaintive. “Bill always took care of them. I didn't know what to do. Most of the swarms died that winter after Bill was killed. I had just one hive left. That was winter-killed.” She smiled at him, her hands pulled the overall away from her aching breast. “You—you don't hold that against me, do you?”

“Bees—and honey—and death,” said Stan slowly. “It begins to fit together, like a puzzle in a nightmare, only I don't know how. Let's look at the hives. Maybe I could find out—”

“I burned them,” said Marcia hurriedly. “The bees were dead. I didn't want the hives around—”

“You burned them? ‘Ask her what she burned up in the stove that night.’ What was it? The frame of the honeycomb Dolly had eaten? Was that it?”

“The doctor has pois—has turned you against me! Oh, don't let him! You're free now, free to love me—”

“Were you afraid to speak that word aloud? Poisoned?”

“It was a fresh comb, untouched, unbroken. You said so!”

“You had emptied the syrup jug, hadn't you? So I'd give it to her. The bees died, Dolly died. It's monstrous! I can't believe it! Marcia, what have you done?”

“I didn't know the honey was poisoned.” Marcia was babbling now, trying with frantic words to draw him back from irrevocable knowledge. “How could I know? I took it out early—to give Dolly—she liked sweets. Later, when the bees died, I was frightened.” (No one could prove she had known. No one had heard Bill say, two years ago, when they lost the first hives, “Damn the law! The honey's not fit to use. It's that arsenate we dust the blossoms with — the bees die as they eat. Arsenic honey, a fine note! The law, interfering with a man so his honey's ruined, or he can't sell his berries.” No one could prove she had known. She hadn't planned it when she went out to blow the poison over the blueberry fields. She didn't know just when she had seen what she could do so cleverly, so surely.) “Stan, you can't think—” Her hands were restless, not daring to touch him. “Who would have dreamed that bees could carry home enough of the powder with the pollen—”

“My heaven, so that's it! Why, you sprayed these barrens last spring yourself! You knew!”

“You can't prove anything!” For a moment Marcia hated him, hated him for the dreadful revulsion in his face, for the fear which so shook her.

He was silent. When at last his lips moved stiffly, he said, “My poor Dolly! I ought to give you over to the law.”

“Give me over?” Marcia's lips drew back from her strong teeth. “Who fed her the honey? I wasn't even in the house! I'll tell them we were lovers, you wanted to get her out of the way. They'd believe me!”

“If they hanged us both,” said Stan grimly, “I might be better off than I will be, knowing what I know.”

“What's done was done for love of you.” Marcia was desperate now. “To set you free. You wanted her dead, but you wouldn't admit it. You wouldn't dare *do* anything.”

“I wouldn't dare murder,” said Stan. “If I would, I might choke you now, for being what you are. I never wished for Dolly to die. You couldn't understand how I felt about Dolly. I—I wanted to take care of her.”

“But you loved me! And you fought it down! That's why—”

“That's why you murdered Dolly. The crime is mine, too. There must be evil in me that would hunger for your touch! But you look like a woman, living, beautiful, warm—”

“No one will ever know, Stan! We can forget it!” Marcia flung her arms wide, swaying toward him, her face flushed.

“Don't touch me,” said Stan sharply. He ground a fist against a wry mouth and went stumbling away from her, back toward the road.

Marcia watched him go, her face sagging into blankness. Around her in the sunlit blueberry barrens was the stillness of death.

THE END

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DEATH WAITS FOR A LADY

BY WHITMAN CHAMBERS

author of Thirteen Steps, Hearts in Danger, etc.

AT the request of his client, Commodore Bruce Campbell, Bartlett Todd, a young lawyer, sails in his yawl, the White Heron, for the Barren Cays in the Bahamas. The Commodore believes that a wreck which Jeremy Jones, a writer on yachting, has reported there may be the Bluebird, the sloop on which the old man's son Duncan, and Duncan's wife, sailed twenty years ago. With Todd are Tommy, the Commodore's eleven-year-old grandson, Albert, a Bahama Negro, and Killer, an ex-prizefighter who is going to dive at the wreck.

Bart has expected to meet Jeremy Jones and Jeremy's wife and daughter, Ann, at Little Harbor on Fiddler's Cay, and to have Jeremy pilot him to the wreck. But on his arrival he discovers that the elder Joneses have been drowned and that eighteen-year-old Ann, who is living at Little Harbor with a Dr. Featherstone and his wife, has promised to act as pilot for some one else — namely, Charlie Campbell, the Commodore's wastrel son. Charlie has married Iris Lake, once a rumrunner and now owner of several Miami night clubs.

Iris' boat, the Daiquiri, is anchored off Little Harbor and Bart visits it. He had been in love with Iris until he met Ann Jones; now he is suspicious of her. Why are Charlie and she so interested in the wreck? He does not believe their story that they suspect that the Commodore will try to destroy evidence that it *is* the Bluebird and so prevent the proving of Duncan's death and cheat Charlie out of his share of Duncan's fortune. But he cannot figure out what they are up to.

Ann Jones doesn't seem to want Bart to visit the wreck, either. And he discovers that a friend of hers, Greenwood Gates, has been spying on the White Heron from the beach. Then, while he and Tommy are at Little Harbor, the White Heron goes aground. Ann takes him out in the doctor's boat with which they hope to pull her off the beach.

While they are on their way they notice Greenwood Gates in a small sloop, and Bart immediately suspects that he is responsible for the Heron's predicament.

PART FIVE—THE WAY OF A MAID WITH A MAN

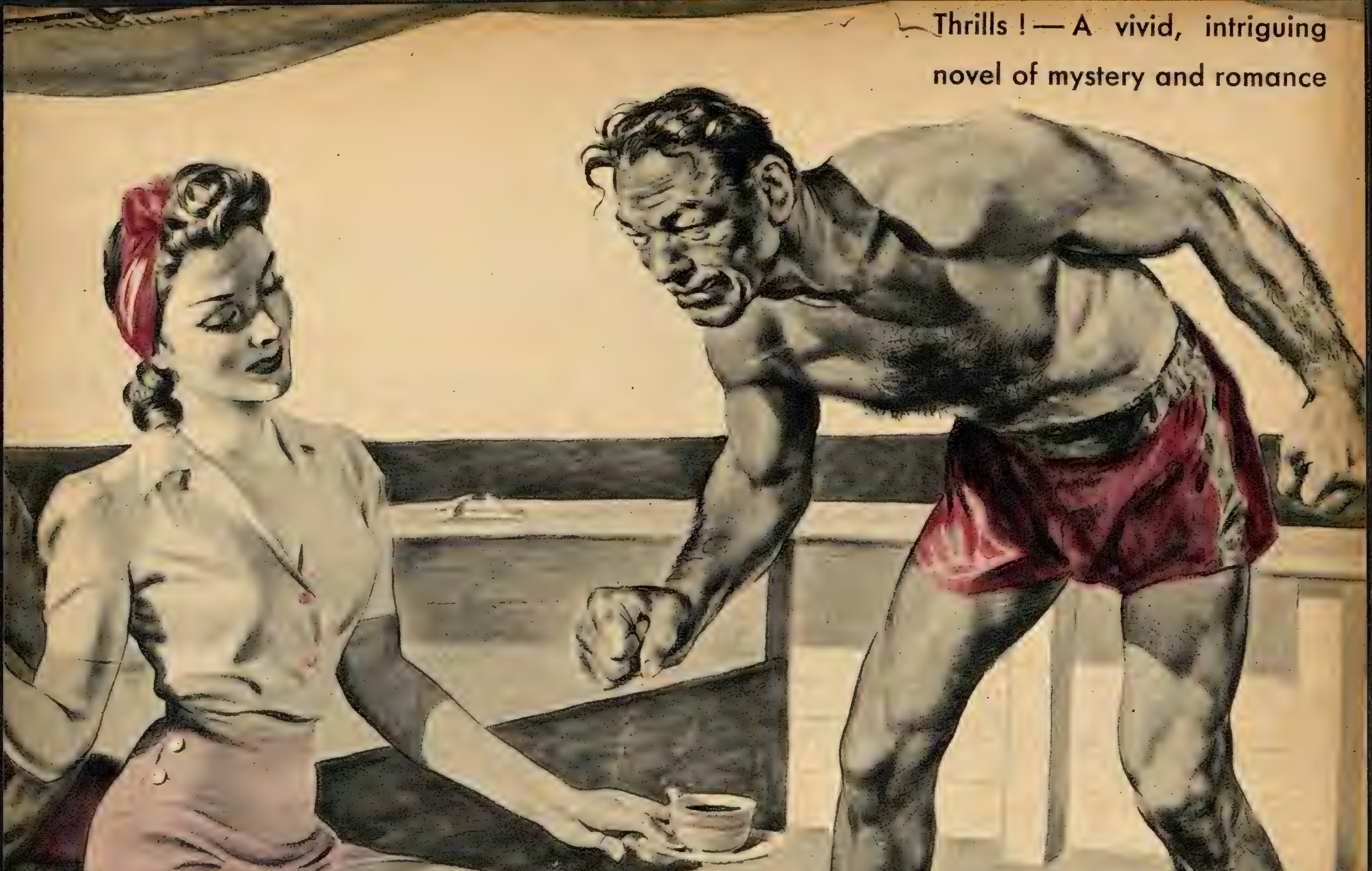
I CLIMBED up on the top of the Heatherbloom's cabin and from there I could see the Heron. She lay against the beach with quite a list, white water still splashing over her. We were too far away to make out any figures on her deck. Just as I stepped down and into the pilothouse, the launch lurched a little, rose, and slid over and off a hummock of grassy mud.

"It's a good thing that wasn't coral," I remarked.

"It was only a little spur running out from a bank," Ann said. "There's no coral along here. If there were I wouldn't risk doctor's boat. I think it would kill him if I lost it. He bought it new, you see, when he first came to the islands, and that was around thirty years ago."

"He's lived at Little Harbor all that time?"

"Yes. He had a house first, when the settlement was white, but it was



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Killer looked hard at Ann, who was busy pouring coffee. "I'm gonna wallop him till he can't see straight!"

swept away in the hurricane of '23. Afterward he bought the old lighthouse from the government and has lived there ever since. He didn't move away with the other whites. He likes it here."

"Jeremy must have liked it too."

"He did. It's the safest harbor in the Bahamas. And then, Jeremy liked it because he always liked the blacks much better than he liked the native whites. The out-island Negroes are a simple, friendly, kindly people. They don't steal or beg or whine. They are loyal and faithful, and once they believe you're their friend, they'll never let you down. They're — well, they're like Albert. I've known Albert for years. He's typical of these out-island blacks."

I asked: "What happened to Jeremy and Sarah, Ann?"

"They were drowned off Bootjack Cay."

"Bootjack Cay!"

"Yes. We were on our way back to look at the wreck again. Jeremy wasn't sure, of course, that it was the Bluebird. And he thought it might have something aboard worth salvaging. And then—"

"What happened, Ann?"

"A storm came up and caught us among the reefs. It was night. Our anchor didn't hold. The schooner started drifting. Before we could get the motor started or get any sail on her, we struck a reef. The whole bottom was ripped right out of her. She slid off the reef and went down like a rock . . . and left us swimming in the dark."

She was staring straight ahead now, her eyes bright with tears. Her chin quivered.

I said, anxious to change the subject: "How does the Heron look to you now, Ann?"

Ann cleared her throat, blinked hard. "She looks bad, Bart. We'll be lucky if we can save her. Your hand is trying to kedge her off, but you can see she isn't budging. I see Killer at the winch, but where in the world is Albert?"

ANN rounded the launch into the wind about a hundred yards offshore. Tommy got the anchor out, tossed it over, and made the line fast around a cleat. When he saw that the anchor held and that he had plenty of line out, he hurried aft and hopped into the cockpit between Ann and me. We stood there looking over the Heron, wondering if there was any hope for her.

When she had gone adrift, evidently, the wind had caught her bow and turned her almost end for end, for she lay now at right angles to the beach, her bow high in the sand, her stern out of water to the deadwood, her keel giving her a heavy list to starboard. Each wave, striking her counter, resounded with a hollow thump.

Killer had an anchor out astern, whether the original bower or the folding kedge I didn't know. He had led his line aboard through the chock on the stern and carried it forward to the anchor winch, and now, even though he had seen us come about and anchor, he still pumped laboriously back and forth on the windlass. The line running in from the anchor, new two-inch Manila, had three knots in it but it was as hard and straight as a steel rod. It was coming in, inch by slow inch, over the stern.

"The boat is stuck fast," Ann declared impatiently. "He's wearing himself out and not doing any good."

I shouted to Killer and waved my arms. He watched me for a moment, still working; then he got my meaning, let go the bar, and stood up straight.

"Where's Albert?" I shouted.

Killer bellowed something into the teeth of the wind. I didn't get it, shook my head. He pointed down. I still didn't get it, not knowing whether he meant Albert was down below or had been drowned. Tommy hauled our dinghy in to the stern of the launch, we piled into it, and he sculled us precariously toward the shore. I didn't expect to make it without capsizing, but we did pretty well and were within only a few steps of the beach when the dinghy went over and spilled us into two feet of water.

I walked ashore, caught hold of the Heron's bowsprit, and swung aboard. Killer looked terrible. His cheeks were sunken, his eyes hollow, his face and chest smeared with sweat and blood from his blistered, bleeding hands.

"Skipper, I swear it wasn't our fault," he vowed in a feeble rumbling bass.

"That's all right, Killer. What happened to Albert?"

"I'm keepin' him below. He got hurt. Anchor hit him in the head. Cut it open. He was out for half an hour, and when he come to he talked pretty punchy. So I made him stay down there an' take it easy."

Ann and Tommy had climbed aboard, and Ann pushed past us saying, "I'll see what I can do for him, Bart."

"Go ahead. I'll be with you in a moment. Tommy, you stay here. What happened, Killer?"

Wiping the streaming sweat off his face, Killer said heavily: "Cap, it was like this. Albert and I was down below. I—well, I was asleep, all right. But we were ridin' nice and I didn't see any reason why—"

"Get on with it, Killer."

"Well, Albert was sitting down there out of the wind. You know how he gets cold so easy. Everything was all right. Then I heard Albert yell and I hopped up. He was already on deck and I ran out and I saw we was adrift. The anchor line had busted. Albert was gettin' out the other anchor. He had it up in his hands ready to toss it over when we struck the shore. We hit hard, an' old Albert went head over teakettle into the drink, holdin' that anchor. He never come up.

"So I dove over and got him and hauled him aboard. He was out like a light—with a big cut on his forehead where it hit the anchor fluke. I did what I could for him. And then I got the anchor and carried it out and tried to haul us off the beach. Well, I been haulin' ever since. Five times I carried that damn anchor out. Just walked it out, with the water over my neck, and maybe catching a breath between waves and maybe not. Five times I carried it out and hauled it in." He looked ruefully at his raw palms and said lugubriously: "Somehow, I don't think I budged her a lousy little inch."

WELL, you did some good, Killer. You kept the line taut so she wouldn't drift any higher on the beach. Take it easy now, and I'll get you some coffee and something to eat. If we get out of here at all, it won't be until high water, which is late this afternoon. See here, Killer. When you came out on deck and saw she was adrift, did you see anybody around here?"

"I didn't see anybody but Albert, skipper, an' he fell overboard."

I turned and scanned the beach, but we had made so many tracks when we walked back and forth the night before that I couldn't distinguish whether some were fresh or not. I turned to Tommy, who, I could see, was champing at the bit.

"Sailor, do you want to do something for me?"

"Name it, pal," he grinned.

"All right. You go ashore and cross over to the other side of the cay. Pick up those tracks where we found them going into the brush, follow them back across, and see where they come out. You're not afraid?"

"Naw."

"All right. Hop to it. If you get frightened, just yell and I'll come looking for you. And if you get lost, take your bearing by the sun and keep going west. You'll come out on the beach. Think you can do it?"

"Cinch, captain."

He ran out on the bowsprit, hopped down to the sand, and scrambled off up the beach. I left Killer sprawled on top of the cabin and went below.

Albert was sitting on the engine housing. Ann had taken a bloodstained dirty rag off his head and was looking at the wound, a nasty gash running from his left temple to a point above and behind his ear. The alcohol stove was going and a pan of water was getting hot.

"How do you feel, Albert?"

"Hi'm hall right, cap'n. Doan you worry 'bout me. De boat—"

"Never mind the boat. We'll get her off. How does that cut look to you, Ann?"

"I'll wash it out and bandage it up and he'll be right as rain. Won't you, Albert?"

"Yaas, *ma'am!*"

I WENT over to a locker to get out the medicine kit.

Ann remarked tentatively: "Albert says your anchor line must have caught on a piece of coral and sawed in two."

"Has he looked at the end of it?"

"Certainly not. He's been below ever since he was hurt."

"All right," I said a little sharply, and handed her the kit.

"Have you examined the line?" Ann pursued.

"Not yet."

"Well, then?"

"We'll leave it open until we know. It isn't important right now, is it?"

"It's important to me. You've accused a friend of mine of—"

"That's only half of it," I interrupted.

"What do you mean by that?"

"Your water is boiling, Ann. And I have to put through a phone call."

I stepped over to the radiophone, put on the headset, turned the switch. I got the Miami operator, gave the number of my office, and finally got hold of Larrimore, our senior partner.

"This is Bart, Larry."

"Hello, Bart. Where are you?"

"I'm at Little Harbor. . . . Look here. Were Iris Lake and Charlie Campbell married in Miami a few days ago?"

"Not that I know of. Why? Are you still carrying the torch for the Lake gal?"

"Not for years and years."

"Then why worry about her? If she married Charlie Campbell, it serves her right."

"Listen! Will you check the license bureau or won't you? If they were married, they probably bribed somebody to keep it out of the papers. And I want to know."

"O. K. Anything else?"

"Yes. I want all the dope you can get me on Iris Lake's credit rating.

She owns, you know, several night clubs and a hotel or two and a swank gambling joint in Palm Beach. She has a checking account with the Everglades National which runs, so I've understood, well over six figures. I want to know if Iris Lake is solvent, and if so, for how much."

"That's a pretty big assignment, Bart. How can I delve into her Everglades account?"

"You have friends in that bank, haven't you? Well, put the bee on them."

"Well—"

"I can assure you, Larry, that the information will be kept strictly confidential."

"You sap!" he shot back. "You poor dub! Have you forgotten how you're talking? Don't you know that every guy and his brother with a radiophone may be listening in on this conversation right now?"

You could have knocked me over with a feather. "Larry, I must be getting weak-minded. I completely forgot. But look! Get that information for me, will you? I'll call you before you leave the office tonight. You can tell me then whatever you think it's safe to put on the air."

"And if I'm wrong we get sued for slander. What are you trying to do, wreck the firm?"

"It won't be that bad. You needn't mention any names nor any figures. Just the general idea. You can do that for me, Larry."

"Why should I?"

"Because I'm in a serious jam over here and I have to have certain information before I can work myself out of it. Listen, Larry. Will you get me that information or won't you?"

"Certainly I'll get it. Call me back around six."

I hung up the phone. Ann had finished cleansing the wound, and now she was swabbing iodine into it. Albert sat there grinning, pleased at the attention he was getting; if the iodine in that open wound hurt, he never showed it. Ann wound a bandage around his head that would have done credit to a surgeon. Then she stood back surveying her handiwork, nodding in approval.

ALBERT said: "Kin Hi go on deck now?"

"Sure, Albert. But take it easy."

He still seemed a little shaky in the knees as he climbed the ladder into the cockpit.

"The doctor did a good job, Ann, when he taught you to wind a bandage."

"I've been gradually taking over his work, such of it as I can do. He's the only doctor, you know, this side of Nassau. He's still strong physically, but his mind is weakening. He's honest enough to admit it. That's why he lets me handle most of the sickness. He's so afraid of prescribing the wrong medicine."

While she talked I had put coffee on the stove and opened two large cans of beans and emptied them into a pot. As I slid them onto the other burner I heard Tommy calling me from the shore.

"Will you watch those things for me, Ann?"

"Of course."

I left her there and went up on deck. Tommy was running toward the Heron yelling: "Hey, Bart! I found 'em. They're right up the beach a way."

I went forward and he drew up puffing under the bowsprit.

"Did they lead down into the water, Tommy?"

"That's right. On the other side of that little ol' clump of mangrove. Right over there."

"And you didn't find any tracks coming up out of the water?"

"Nope."

IT was easy enough to figure out what Gates had done. Seeing the Heron apparently deserted, he had gone into the water a hundred feet or so to the north of where the boat lay anchored. He had swung out, letting the current carry him slowly southward, until he reached our anchor line. He had cut the line and gone on with the current and come ashore down the beach.

"Walk the other way, Tommy, and you'll find his tracks coming out."

Tommy ran off down the beach.

"Whose tracks you lookin' for, skip?" Killer asked lazily.

"The tracks of the fellow who cut our anchor line."

"Huh? *Cut our anchor line!*" he bellowed, swinging his feet to the deck. "You mean to tell me some punk—"

"Easy does it, Killer. Rest yourself."

I left him muttering angrily, walked aft and went down into the cabin.

Ann was stirring the beans. She spoke without looking up: "I heard you talking, Bart. You think I put him up to it."

"You didn't let the coffee boil. Good girl!"

"You're accusing me of wrecking the boat—and almost killing Albert."

"All right, Ann," I said slowly. "You're asking for it. I'm accusing you of exactly that."

She kept on stirring the beans. Her chin began to tremble and a tear rolled down her cheek.

"Why are you crying, Ann?"

She threw down the spoon and faced me, exclaiming breathlessly: "Because you're *right!* Because it *is* my fault. Oh, Bart, I've been such a silly fool!"

"Forget it, Ann! We all make mistakes. We'll get the Heron off the beach and everything will be all right. And then maybe when the wind dies you'll take me over to Bootjack Cay and show me the wreck."

She froze, staring at me with parted lips. Then she shook her head, said regretfully but with a grim finality:

"I'm sorry, Bart. I'm afraid you've got me wrong. I'm taking Mr.

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1 SLOE GIN FIZZ for good fellowship 'round the fire. *(Left)*

2 COTTON-PICKER up from the South to bring cheer to the North. *(Right)*

3 TIMES SQUARE COCKTAIL. New York's prize winner gives a lift to lazy appetites. *(Left)*

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1 2 oz. Old Mr. Boston Sloe Gin; juice of ½ a lemon; 1 teaspoon powdered sugar; fill 8 oz. glass with seltzer, add ice, decorate with slice of lemon.

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3 ⅓ Old Mr. Boston Sloe Gin; ⅔ Old Mr. Boston Rum; juice of ½ a lime; ½ teaspoon of sugar. Shake with ice and strain.

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OLD MR. BOSTON SLOE GIN

America's Largest-Selling Sloe Gin

Campbell to Bootjack and you are not coming with us. That's final."

Ann and I carried the lunch up on deck. The anchor line Killer had astern was still so taut it was singing. The Heron was safe for the time and there was nothing to do now but wait for the tide and hope for the best.

As Killer came aft and swung himself wearily into the cockpit, Tommy shouted from the beach: "I found the footprints comin' out, Bart! They run from the water back into the mangrove. Right down there a little ways."

"O. K., sailor. Come aboard and eat your lunch."

"Skipper, who's the punk that cut our line?" Killer asked ominously.

I wasn't in the mood for dissimulation. "Fellow by the name of Gates I met in town."

I LOOKED at Ann. She was dishing up some beans for Albert. She appeared to be paying no attention to the conversation, but her color was high and she gave the impression of holding herself under a tight rein.

"I thought somethin' was screwy," Killer rumbled. "Why'd this mug cut the line?"

I glanced at the big ex-fighter. His eyes under the puffy brows were closed to mere slits against the bright sunlight. It gave him such a sinister, brutal look that it was easy enough to imagine how he had earned his nickname.

"I guess he has something against us, Killer," I said.

"Yeah?"

Killer looked at Ann and his jutting jaw hardened. He didn't say anything for a moment, and then it dawned on me that he must have heard at least some of my conversation with Ann down in the cabin.

Tommy, by this time, had hoisted himself aboard via the bowsprit. Now he came trooping aft just in time to hear Killer say:

"Skipper, you know what I'm gonna do if I ever get hold of that punk Gates?" He looked hard at Ann, who at the moment was very busy pouring coffee. "I'm gonna wallop him till he can't see straight!"

His huge fist, broken so many times in the ring that it was as shapeless as a ham, thumped the cockpit seat hard enough to shake the whole boat. Tommy, stepping into the cockpit, gasped audibly. His jaw dropped and then it clamped shut aggressively.

"If you need any help, Killer," he gritted fiercely, "just call on me."

Killer slapped the boy across the shoulder. "My pal! We'll get him, won't we, Tommy?"

Ann put the coffeepot on the deck and stood up straight. She put her doubled fists on her hips, glared at Killer and Tommy, and said crisply:

"That's pretty big talk."

"Killer's a pretty big guy," Tommy shot back.

"And so," said Ann, "is Greenwood Gates. He's the heavyweight champion of the British Bahamas."

Killer roared at that. He roared so hard he was speechless and I didn't have to shut him up.

Ann picked up a cup of coffee and turned to hand it to Albert. The black pilot held his plate of beans in his left hand. He reached for the coffee with his right, fumbled it, and the cup dropped to his knee and then to the deck, spilling the scalding liquid down his pants leg.

"Hi'm sorry, Miss Ann." He set down the plate and pulled the cloth away from the flesh of his leg.

Ann was watching him. "What's wrong with your right arm, Albert?" she demanded.

"Hit's li'l' sore, dat's hall, Miss Ann." He squirmed, not meeting her eyes. "Hi bump hit w'en Hi fall overboard."

"Hold it up," Ann ordered.

He held it up, though I could see it took an effort. Ann stripped back the sleeve of the soiled blue cambric shirt. The forearm was swollen just below the elbow. Ann's fingers bit into the muscles. Albert winced and she said: "Let's see you move your fingers."

He flexed his fingers, still wincing as Ann dug into the muscles.

"It isn't broken, is it?" I asked.

"Naw, cap'n, hit hain't broke," Albert scoffed.

Ann said: "I guess it's just a bad bruise, though his muscles are so hard it's difficult to tell. Maybe you'd better have doctor look at it when you get to Little Harbor."

Albert pulled his arm away and rolled down his sleeve. I could see it embarrassed him to talk about it; like a healthy kid, he always deprecated an injury. But I nevertheless told myself I'd make him see the doctor when we reached port.

TOMMY had cleaned his plate with the neatness and dispatch of a police dog.

"Captain, you think I better phone gramp?" he asked.

"Go ahead, if you want, but don't tell him we're on the beach. Just say we're stuck in the mud and waiting for the tide to float us off."

Tommy leaped for the companionway.

"The wind is dying," Ann remarked. "I think she'll come off without much trouble. It all depends on how deeply her keel is wedged in the sand. Killer, you must have got that anchor out pretty fast or the waves would have driven her farther than they did."

"I never got it out," Killer said ungraciously. "It was already there. I just tied on where that punk cut the line."

I said quickly: "Killer, you'd better take a turn or two on the winch. The line may be working slack."

It wasn't; but Killer, with a final glowering survey of Ann, got up and went forward. Ann sighed, smiling at me.

"I don't believe he likes me," she remarked.

I thought of Killer's blistered hands and I looked at Albert's bandaged head. I smiled at her and said:

"Can you blame him?"

She shrugged and her smile went away. "I suppose not," she said quietly.

"Hi, Bart!" Tommy called from the cabin. "Gramp wants to talk to you."

It dawned upon me then that the Commodore would want to know if I had seen Charlie, what Charlie's intentions were, what I was going to do—in fact, the whole situation. And I wasn't in the mood to hash it over.

"Tell him I've gone ashore, Tommy. And tell him we'll be off the mud with the tide and on our way to Bootjack Cay at daybreak tomorrow."

"I got it, Bart."

"Then you're really going," Ann remarked.

"Certainly. Why shouldn't I?"

"At this time of year, with the weather so uncertain, it's a dangerous place to go, that's all. But if your mind is made up—well, that's that. Now shall we run a line out to the Heatherbloom and get ready for the tide?"

"You're going to help pull us off?"

"Naturally. Don't you want me to help you?"

"I'll appreciate it very much. It just doesn't make sense, that's all."

WHEN you stop to think about it, does anything connected with this strange business make sense? Does it make sense that my mother and father were drowned trying to reach that old wreck—when they had already seen it several times and had had the chance to investigate it and passed it up?"

"I'll get a line," I said, rising.

"Does it make sense," she went on earnestly, "that Charlie Campbell is so anxious to get there ahead of anybody else that he is paying me a thousand dollars to pilot him?"

"Don't trust his check, Ann; it'll bounce." I pulled open the door of the rope locker and began hauling coils of line into the cockpit.

"Does it make sense that you, a busy lawyer, are neglecting your work and batting around here to gratify the whim of an old man?"

"I was planning a vacation anyway," I replied irritably. "Here's a hundred feet of one-inch Manila. Think you could break it with the Heatherbloom?"

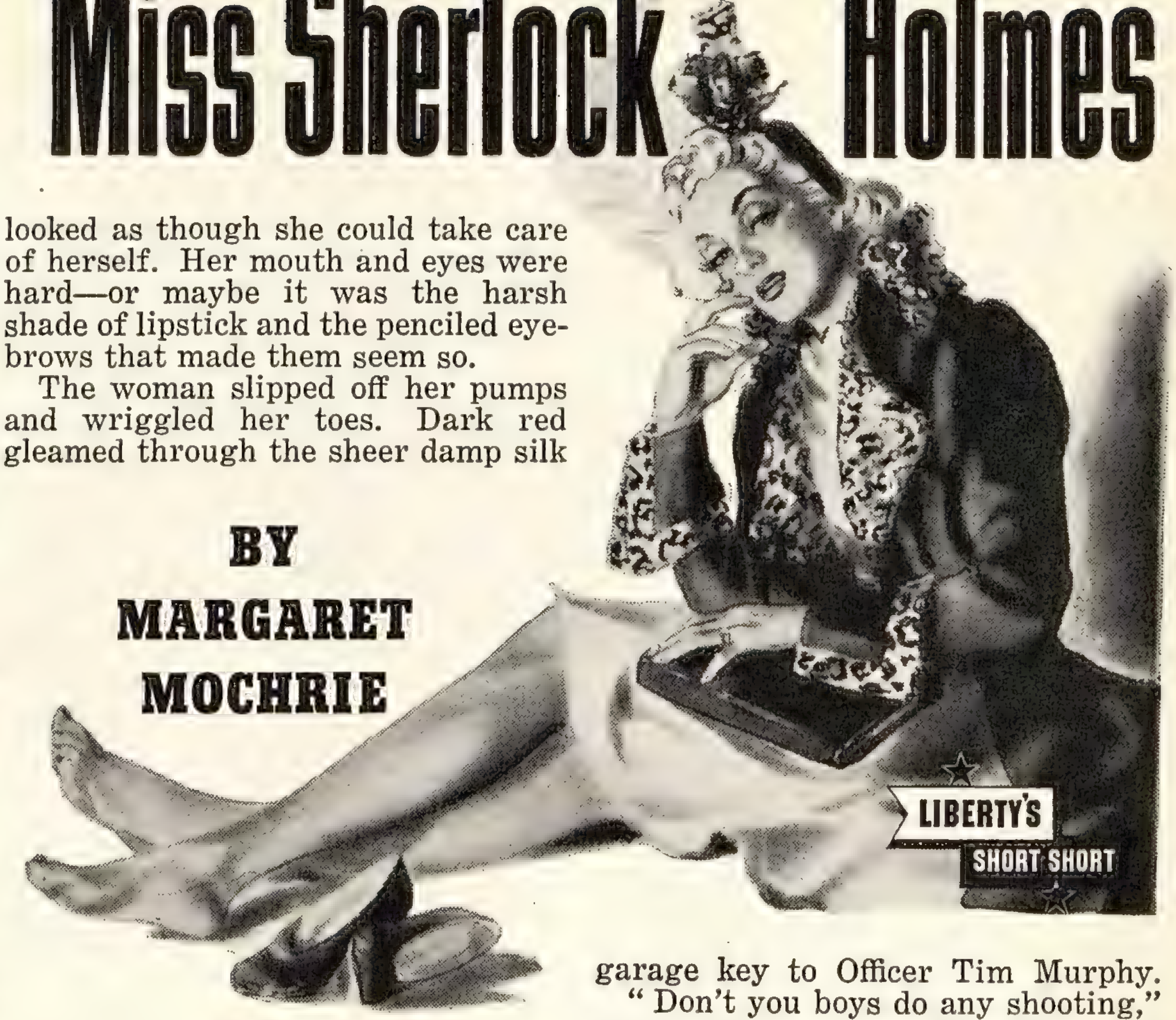
She sighed, rising. "I doubt if the Heatherbloom has enough power to break a kite string." She came close to me, looked up into my eyes, and asked, "Bart, what is all this about, anyway?"

Will Ann swing to Bart's side, or will she carry out her bargain with Charlie? What is the mystery of the wreck? Why did Jeremy Jones and his wife return to it? The plot becomes more tangled and startling information turns up about Iris in next week's chapter.

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

Miss Sherlock Holmes

BY MARGARET MOCHRIE



MISS MATTIE GATES had been indulging in her favorite pastime of listening to radio police calls when her front doorbell rang. She switched off the radio and went to the living-room window to peer through the glass. She wasn't timid, for all her sixty-odd years, her gray hair, and her diminutive stature. Thirty-five years of schoolteaching had pretty well convinced her that there were few situations with which she could not cope. But living as she had since her retirement in a cottage five miles from town and a half mile from her nearest neighbor, she always reconnoitered before opening her door when the bell rang late at night. And it was now after eleven.

Besides, one of the police calls had told of the robbery of a jewelry store in Coleville earlier in the evening. Two masked men had forced the owner to open the safe, and had taken thirty thousand dollars' worth of stones. Miss Gates wasn't taking any chances on letting in a couple of gangsters looking for a hide-out.

However, a glance out of the window reassured her. One of the two dark figures standing on her porch was unmistakably a woman. Miss Gates' sharp blue eyes pierced the curtain of rain and made out the shadowy outline of a car pulled up close to her picket fence. A breakdown, she thought, and went into the tiny hall.

"Who is it?" she called from behind the closed door.

"I—we're out of gas," answered a woman's voice. "We saw your light and your garage and thought—"

Miss Gates opened the door. "Come in," she said.

The man in the dark raincoat who stood behind the woman hung back. "We're in a hurry," he said gruffly. "If you can give us the gas we'll get going."

"You may have the gas. I always keep an extra tin on hand. But you may as well be comfortable while I'm getting the garage key."

The woman looked at the man. She was young and smartly dressed, but her nose was red and her teeth chattered. The man nodded and the two followed Miss Gates into her living room. A fire shed a rosy glow on the two chintz-covered wing chairs on either side of the brick fireplace.

"Sit down," Miss Gates said hospitably. "Are you driving far?"

"To Harbortown," the man said. "Her—the wife's—sister's sick."

Miss Gates made a sympathetic sound. "That's too bad. You're both probably upset. Maybe a cup of tea . . ." The woman had loosened her black fur-trimmed coat and was sitting with her long legs stretched out toward the fire. Her black suède pumps were wet and muddy.

"No tea," the man said. "We gotta get on our way."

Miss Gates put him down as the kind who never let his wife decide anything. Still, the young woman looked as though she could take care of herself. Her mouth and eyes were hard—or maybe it was the harsh shade of lipstick and the penciled eyebrows that made them seem so.

The woman slipped off her pumps and wriggled her toes. Dark red gleamed through the sheer damp silk stockings. Miss Gates' eyes narrowed. Her glance shifted to the ungloved hands, then to the carefully made up face.

"We'll pay for the gas," the man was saying.

"Of course," Miss Gates said. "I'll get the garage key. The light's out of order, but if your wife holds a flashlight, you and I can see to get at the gas. It's behind some things."

"O. K.," said the man.

Miss Gates went into the kitchen and got the flashlight and the key. Then she put on her old tweed coat and went to the front door where the two were waiting.

"All ready," she said, and, flashing on the light, led the way. Inside the garage, she indicated a corner behind her coupé, where some furniture awaited the Salvation Army.

"The tin's under that table. You'll have to move the couch, I'm afraid." She handed the light to the woman and got out of the man's way.

The woman stood over the man with the flashlight, and Miss Gates got behind them both, in the narrow alley between her coupé and the wall of the garage. She stood, tense, for a moment; then, "That horrid rain!" she said in a fluttery spinsterish voice. "It's getting my nice clean car all wet!"—and ran to the door. Swiftly she slipped out and slid it shut. Her hands fumbled with the padlock. When at last she heard it click shut, she took a deep breath and leaned limply against the door.

An impact from inside the garage sent her scurrying for the house.

Her telephone call brought a police car screaming to her gate. She came out on the porch and handed the garage key to Officer Tim Murphy.

"Don't you boys do any shooting," she ordered, quite as though he were still in her eighth-grade classroom. "I don't want my place littered up with remains."

Murphy grinned and ran with two other men toward the garage. A third man followed, calling to Murphy, "The stuff's in the car, all right, under the back seat."

Miss Gates heaved a sigh of relief. If she hadn't been right— But she had!

After the man and woman had been handcuffed and put in the police car, Officer Murphy came back to Miss Gates to satisfy his curiosity.

"The radio call said two men," he said. "What made you get suspicious about a guy and a dame?"

"Red toenails," said Miss Gates.

"Huh?" said Officer Murphy.

"She had red toenails. I saw them when she kicked off her shoes. Yet her fingernails were unpolished. A woman who used as much make-up as she did and who painted her toenails certainly wouldn't neglect her fingernails. Unless there was a reason. And what better reason than that she had been dressed as a man? Elementary, my dear Watson," Miss Gates finished airily.

"Gee!" said Officer Murphy admiringly. But as he walked down the path he shook his head sadly. The old girl was beginning to crack up. She'd known him since he was a kid, yet she had forgotten his name. She'd called him Watson.

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1940; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

40 ANSWERS

by Ted Shane

to his questions on page 20

1—University of Southern California 14, Tennessee 0. The Fingerbowl is the only one they don't play in.

2—Russia: Bessarabia, Estonia, Latvia, and Lithuania.

3—It was hung on Wendell Willkie by Harold L. Ickes.

4—France capitulated to Hitler in the famed Armistice Car at Compiègne. Britain destroyed the French fleet's cream at Oran. De Gaulle and Britain were frustrated in an attempt to seize this French port in West Africa. On June 14 the Nazis marched into Paris.

5—Westbrook Pegler exposed George Scalise, union leader.

6—Jimmy Walker, ex-mayor of New York City accepted a $20,000-a-year industrial arbitration job that was offered him by Mayor Fiorello H. La Guardia.

7—The Yankees were figured to win the American League pennant at 7 to 20; the Cincinnati Reds to win the National at 11 to 5.

8—Haakon of Norway; Wilhelmina of Holland; Leopold of Belgium; Carol of Romania.

9—Ernest Hemingway's novel of the Franco-Russian (Spanish) war, For Whom the Bell Tolls.

10—Fred Allen—who else but!

11—Thomas Wolfe's You Can't Go Home Again.

12—Fulgencio Batista. General Manuel Avila Camacho.

13—It defended Liége, Belgium, and was supposedly assaulted with a new nerve-paralyzing gas.

14—Inventor Barlow wished to prove the lethal efficacy of his new oxygen bomb. The goats enjoyed it; Barlow didn't—the bombs fizzed.

15—Grain grass.

16—Robert Taylor grew a mustache—girls, and was it darling!

17—Gallahadion. Bimelech (after being licked in the Derby).

18—Robert Montgomery, who drove an ambulance till France fell, then returned home and was accused of publicity seeking.

19—William Saroyan for his play The Time of Your Life.

20—George U. Harvey, president of Queens Borough, New York City. General Hugh S. Johnson. Certainly not.

21—A portable money-making movie set that can be set up anywhere and show movies. Jimmy Roosevelt.

Dave Breger

22—It was the name given to the rematch between Arturo Godoy and Joe Louis. Godoy lasted seven rounds.

23—The Boys from Syracuse. The Great Dictator. Christmas in July.

24—Bonnie Baker—the cutie! Artie Shaw.

25—Washington. Harvard. Don McNeill. Zivic. Saltonstall. George Brent.

26—42½ per cent.

27—Italy took British Somaliland.

28—Twenty-six million to twenty-one million; 449 to 82.

29—Vinson and Perry *phffft*. Leigh-Olivier wedded. Astors unhitched. Niven got hooked. As did Senator Glass. Vitt got the boot. Frisch got the Pirates. Lewis got Loretta. And, yes, the John Barrymores kept warring.

30—Yale when Penn ruined it 50-6. Carl Snavely, Cornell's whizz, by Ohio State (after State lost to Cornell). Chicago. Pittsburgh—oh, yeah!

31—F. D. R.'s Stephen Early kneed a colored policeman who kept him from joining the President's party at Penn Station on arrival at New York for the President's Madison Square Garden speech. The colored cop later voted for F. D. R.

32—$4,600 to a woman in Jamestown, New York—who wouldn't believe it! Thought she was being ribbed.

33—They were all anti-Nazi.

34—Lawson Little. Actually he was tied for the lead by Ed Oliver, but the moguls decreed, since Oliver had teed off a half hour before his allotted time, that he was automatically disqualified. Ed took it like a little sojer.

35—Franco's brother-in-law and Spanish Foreign Minister. Head of Free France movement. Amateur woman golf champ. Middleweight champ. Record-playing machines found everywhere. Mussolini's mouthpiece. " Gentleman " who broadcasts by short wave nightly from Germany attacking England in a British accent. One of the fifty destroyers exchanged for naval bases by the United States. Greek Highlanders who fight in skirts and slippers.

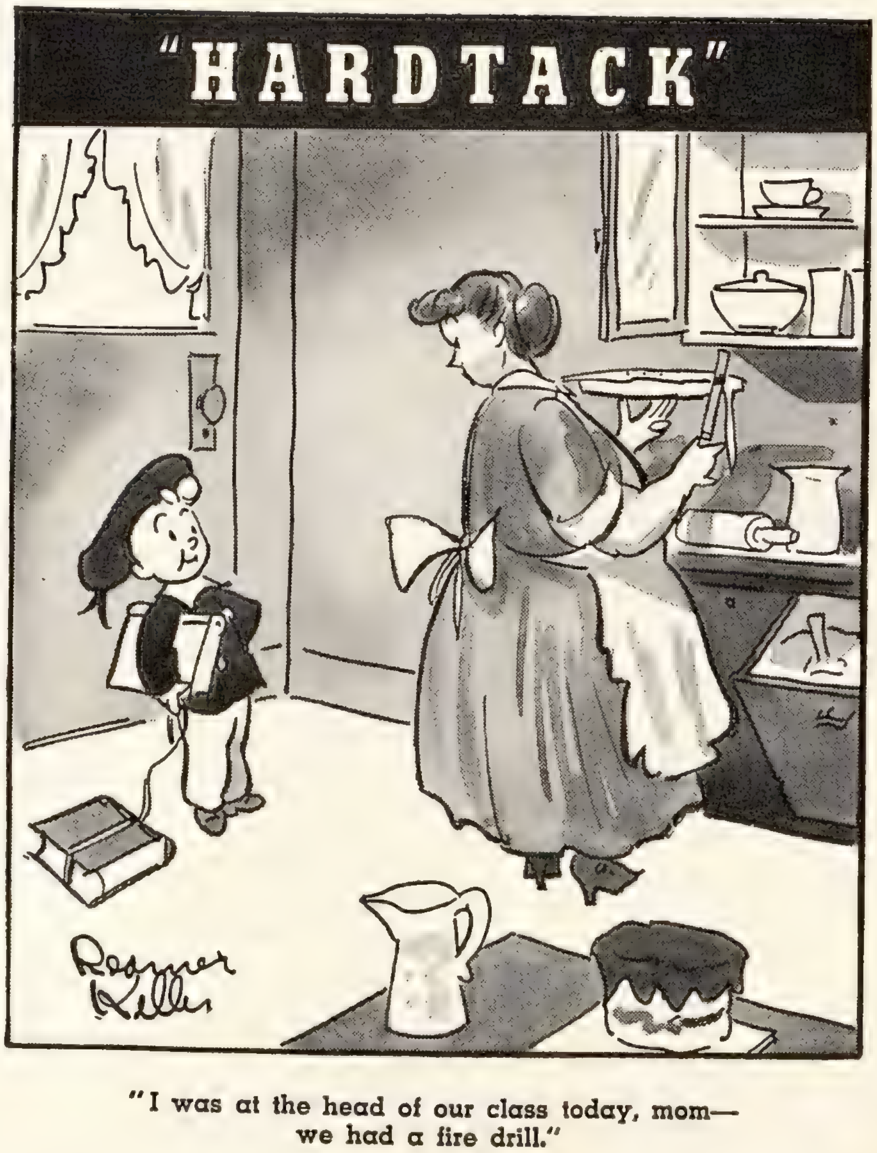
36—Hattie McDaniel for her work in G. W. T. W.

37—Leon Trotsky. It was supposed the killer was a Stalin agent.

38—Ed Wynn.

39—An economist is a man who talks more and more about less and less and winds up knowing practically everything about nothing. A diplomat is one with both feet firmly planted in mid air.

40—Matuszczak, McCullough, Murphy, Landsberg.



"I was at the head of our class today, mom—we had a fire drill."

READING TIME ● 18 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

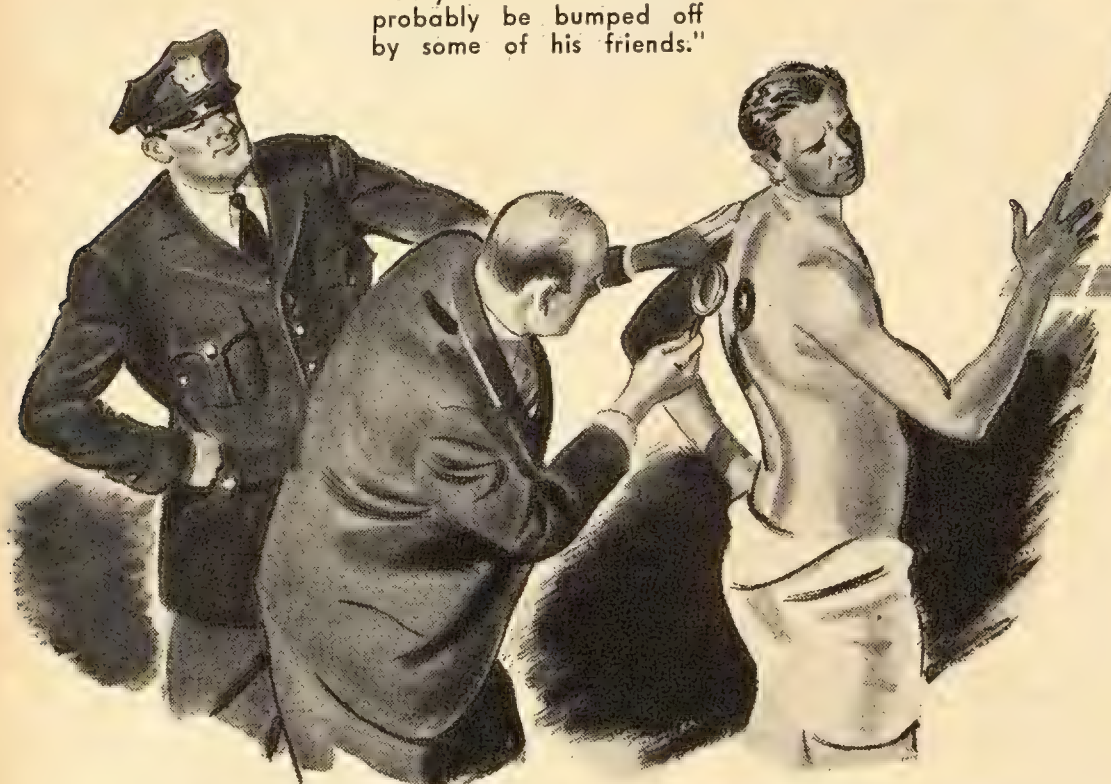
MURDER OVER BROOKLYN

Hoodlum's Holiday—

WHEN ABE RELES "SANG"

It was not until District Attorney Bill O'Dwyer succeeded in constraining one of the higher-ups to "sing" that he learned who Brooklyn's murder syndicate's top man was. Meanwhile, some of its young recruits had "sung" to him concerning the punitive killings, at resorts in the Catskills, of a holder-out of loot named Walter Sage and a suspected squealer named Hyman Yuran. And the disappearance of an eloquent young champion of labor's rights named Peter Panto had been a further indication that the syndicate was used by labor racketeers, for Panto's fiancée had declared that he must have been done away with because of his efforts to free the longshoremen and their union locals from a racketeering "kickback" system. O'Dwyer had found that such a system indeed existed, and the labor union concerned checked his findings and cleaned those locals up most thoroughly. But Panto was still missing; he had apparently been rubbed out; and the question who was the head of this organization of cash-and-carry killers remained.

The answer of that higher-up in it who eventually "sang" was: "Albert Anastasia was our boss, the big guy in the outfit." Big Al Anastasia was a smooth, showy member of New York City's race-track following, although he did have a criminal record, including a sojourn in the death house at Sing Sing. Once he heard that Bill O'Dwyer was out to get Murder, Inc., he vanished. At this writing he is still "on the lam."



"They told him he would probably be bumped off by some of his friends."

The inside story of a sudden victory that spelled defeat for the Syndicate of Death

BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS

PART FOUR—A GANGSTER FALLS FROM GRACE

BILL O'DWYER'S methods of bringing these Murder, Inc., criminals to book were, to say the least, original. They have, in fact, annoyed some of his more conventional supporters. But no one can say they haven't gotten results.

As has already been hinted in these pages, Bill O'Dwyer is a practicing crime preventionist. As a laborer, a policeman, a lawyer, and a magistrate, he has seen enough of human nature, young and old, to know most of the basic causes which underlie and breed crime. One two-legged cause that he is absolutely sure about—and so is every cop who uses what he has under his hair—is the neighborhood "big shot" who has no job but has plenty of money, and who stands around on street corners with one thumb in the armhole of his vest and the other on the business end of his nose, so that the wide-eyed hero-worshiping boys of the neighborhood are all too likely to take him as their model.

"In nine cases out of ten these men are racketeers," says Bill O'Dwyer. "Often they are referred to as such in the local papers, and make no effort to deny it. In fact, they seem to glory in the title. Now, my idea is that when a newspaper refers to a man as a racketeer and that man accepts the characterization, it is evident that he is not fit to associate or mingle with decent, respectable citizens."

On his first day in office as District Attorney, he called for the records of all offenses committed in Kings County (another name for Brooklyn) during the eight-year term of his predecessor. These records, he knew, were kept by districts; and since it was out of the question to sweep all the local "big shots" off the street corners all over a borough of three million people at the same time, Bill's idea was to find out which districts seemed to be in most need of this kind of practical crime prevention, and to begin with them.

He found out all right, but he found out a whole lot more.

The Seventy-third and Seventy-fifth districts, Brownsville and East New York, led all others in the total numbers of crimes reported to the police. In these two districts alone, more than twenty homicides had been reported in which either no arrests had been made or those arrested had been dismissed without penalty in the magistrates' courts. All of these cases had been filed away in the Police Department records as "unsolved."

Now, the Judge, as Bill O'Dwyer is still called by everybody connected with the District Attorney's office, is not one easily swerved from his carefully thought-out plans. He kept dragging in the street-corner bandits on first one charge and then another, usually vagrancy. So many were the arrests on that charge that the chief magistrate was obliged to set apart a court and to designate a special magistrate for the trial of those cases.

"You have a nerve!" exclaimed Abe Reles, known as the Brownsville Dillinger, as he was arrested for the forty-fourth time. "I guess I'll have to walk around with a bondsman by my side. Take this from me—I'm going to stand on any corner any time I please."

"And any time we find you standing on a corner," replied the arresting officer, who knew now he had a fighting District Attorney behind him, "we're going to bring you in."

Once in, and facing Bill O'Dwyer in his office in the Municipal Building, sometimes from ten o'clock in the morning until two o'clock the next morning, the company never lacked for conversation. There was always the one topic, which was forever in the back of Bill O'Dwyer's mind: the twenty unsolved murders of Brownsville and East New York.

If there was one case more than another that appealed to the Judge's Irish heart, it was that of nineteen-year-old Alex "Red" Alpert. Not that Red Alpert had been any man's saint. He had been a stool pigeon too, or so they said, and that, according to underworld law, would have been enough to doom him. Not alone that he had been so young, either, although that had its weight, for it exemplified the Judge's point about the way young boys were drawn into the net. But mostly because Dora Alpert, Red's mother, had appeared every day for seven years at the Miller Avenue Police Station begging the man on the desk to do something about the murderers of her son.

SO the Judge and his faithful staff concentrated on the Alpert case until they felt sure that the job had been done by Abe Reles, with the help of Buggsy Goldstein and Duke Maffetori. Buggsy, as you may remember, was a pal of Happy Maione and Dasher Abbandando and Vito Gurino the Ape and Pittsburgh Phil Strauss. Maffetori had been at the time, like Red Alpert himself, just a kid.

The cops brought in Reles and Goldstein, and the Judge put them through one of his fourteen-hour quizzes. Maffetori was taken into custody the following day. None of the crooks would admit the murder, but minor admissions here and there as a result of O'Dwyer's questioning, together with the evidence already gathered by his investigators, made a case strong enough for the grand jury. The three men were promptly indicted and placed, as is the Judge's very wise custom, in separate jails.

Implicated with Duke Maffetori in the theft of an automobile in the Rudnick case was that other youngster, Abraham "Pretty" Levene. He too was found and taken into custody. Whereupon it seemed to reporters who haunted the D. A.'s office looking for a news story about Reles—who, everybody knew, really was a big-time gangster—that the Judge had suddenly reverted to one of his annoying crime-prevention moods. For he was paying more attention to the two boys, Duke Maffetori and Pretty Levene, than he was to all the hardened criminals put together.

As a matter of fact, the Judge was conducting a sort of clinical examination, not only of these two younger members of the Brownsville gang but of a number of similar youngsters who had been induced by Abe Reles and his partners to follow a life of crime; and the examination was getting results. The Judge was learning a lot about these kids. The most important thing he learned was that, whereas it might have been a mixture of perverted hero worship and greed that had gotten them into the criminal mess, it was fear, and fear only, that kept them in it—fear that they themselves would be knocked off if they tried to go straight.

"The police had one of these kids in for examination one day," Bill said long afterward in recalling this period. "They told him to strip off his clothes. Then they made a microscopic examination of his body. He asked why they were doing that. They told him he would probably be bumped off soon by some of his friends and they wanted to be able to identify him. The kid looked scared. When he left, a detective followed him to the street, sneaked up behind him, poked a finger into his back, and said, 'Come on, bum. Get in that car.' The kid fainted."

The Judge's analysis was doubly confirmed when Angelo Catalano, the Rudnick murder-car driver, who really was marked for the slaughter, escaped momentarily from Vito Gurino's claws only to fall into the arms of a cop, to whom he blurted with obvious sincerity:

"I was never so glad to see anybody in my life!"

About Levene and Maffetori the Judge also learned that they had both recently been married to seemingly very nice girls, who would doubtless be glad to have their husbands go straight if they could do so without danger of being rubbed out by the mob. So he had Helen Levene and Mary Maffetori brought in. He didn't ask them for confessions that would implicate their husbands. He simply explained the situation to them in his homely, kindly way. Then he sent them to the Florence Crittenton Home, technically to be held as material witnesses, but also to protect them from harm.

IT wasn't long before the young Levenes and Maffetoris all began to see that at last they had found just the friend they needed to get them out of their fix—a man whose word they knew could be relied upon, and whose power was such that they would be protected. And it wasn't long, either, before word reached Abe Reles in his cell across the river in the Tombs that Pretty and the Duke were "singing" to the Judge.

Abe Reles was no young novice in crime. He had been once, of course. He had started his police record at the age of thirteen. Since then, in the forty-three times he had been picked up, on charges ranging from breaking into gum machines to murder, he had been punished only four times, and then only for brief periods, and *never* since he had become a "big shot." He was, in short, a hardened criminal who had for years felt himself above the law.

And now he was on the spot. Those two boys didn't know much, but they knew enough in the Alpert matter to send Abe Reles to the chair—and Reles, according to his lights, was no fool.

He *was* a big shot. He held the key not to one murder, not to twenty murders, but—as it has since turned out—to nearly a hundred. His information was valuable. He could exchange it, perhaps, for leniency, at least for a life sentence instead of the hot seat. Anyhow, it would be of no use to him dead.

On the other hand, there was the Combination. He knew far better than Levene and Maffetori how really powerful it was. It had withstood many a siege before. It might withstand O'Dwyer's.

Thus the battle raged within Abe Reles in his cell in the Manhattan Tombs.

ACROSS the river, in the great bare rooms on the fourth floor of the Brooklyn Municipal Building, Bill O'Dwyer and his staff sat and waited through the night.

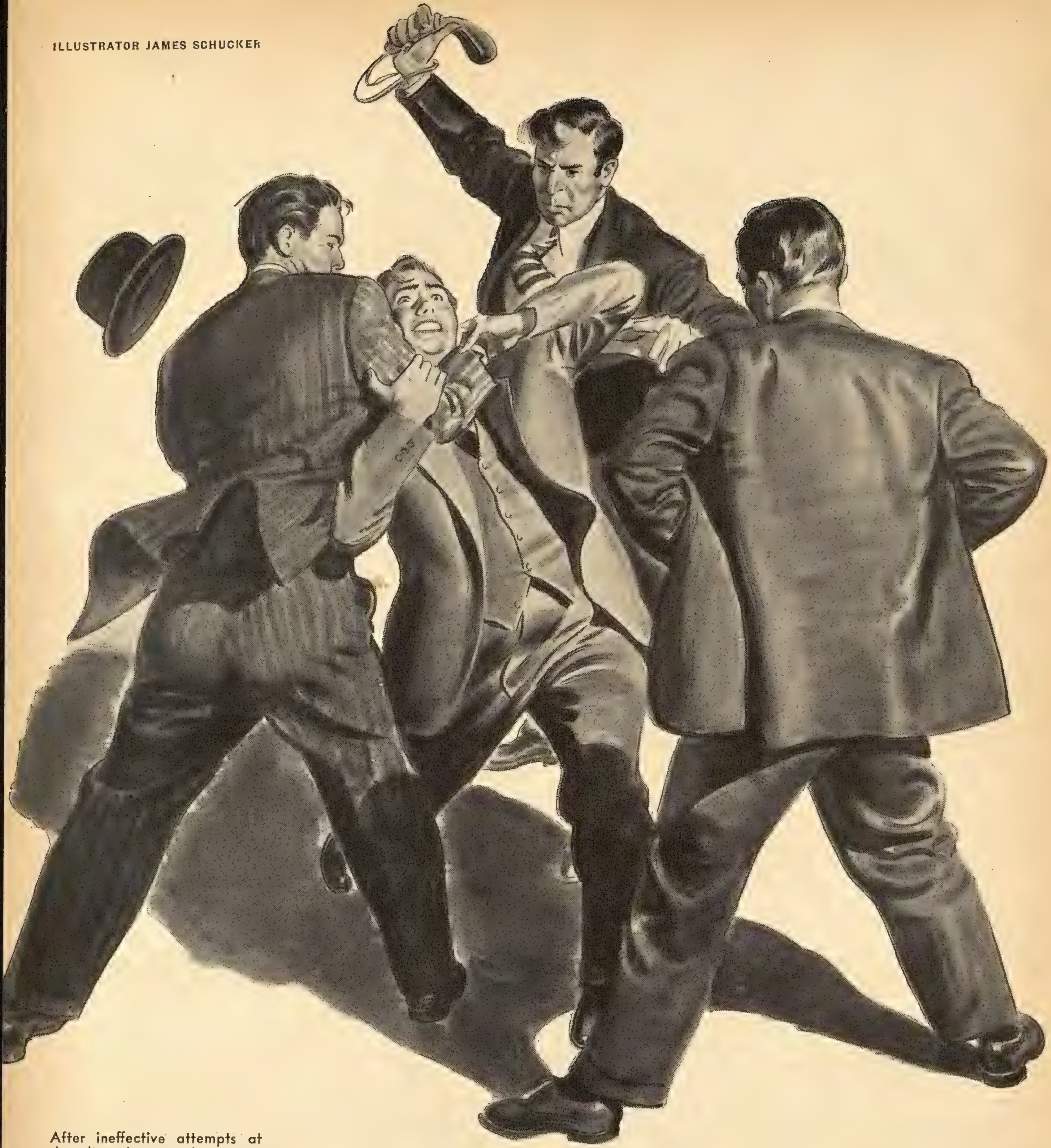
There was big Joe Hanley, big any way you looked at him, who had never tried a criminal case in his life before January 1, but who had given up a $50,000-a-year civil practice to serve the Judge as chief assistant; and Burt Turkus, the smartest criminal lawyer in Court Street, whom the Judge had commandeered to try his murder cases so he himself could go right on with the investigating; and Jim McGough, once Assistant Attorney General of the State of New York, and before that a teacher in Public School 61, where he had tried in vain to knock the fear of God and of the state into some of the very youths who were now turning up as members of Murder, Inc.

There was sturdy redheaded Jim Moran, the Judge's chief clerk, who had come over with him from the County Court; and Frank Horn, now secretary in residence and custodian of the old blue sweater; and Police Captain Frank Bals, who broke the Dr. Engelberg Nazi murder case—smartest detective in Brooklyn and head of the Judge's detective division; and First-Grade Detective John McDonough, twenty-three years in Brownsville and still honest, picked by the Judge because the crooks themselves said he was the one cop they most feared; and John O'Gorman and Frank Lyons and Jim Furey, the Judge's long-time friends and bodyguards; and others far too numerous to mention.

They knew, every man of them, that they had come to the turning in the road. If word could ever be gotten to Brownsville that Reles was really talking, the Brooklyn killers would be on their way—*out.*

O'Dwyer's strategy of leaving the big shot alone to sit and think, while he worked on the outside with the two boys who held the big shot's fate in their youthful hands, was at last to be put to the test. The moment

ILLUSTRATOR JAMES SCHUCKER



After ineffective attempts at throttling, he saw that something drastic was called for.

of triumph or failure was at hand. And the faithful, who had been keeping the long watch, crowded into the Judge's private office to share the moment with him.

The question trembling on every lip was:

"Will Reles sing?"

At last the buzzer rang. The Judge strode to the desk and lifted the phone. No one moved.

"Yes . . . yes. . . . Why not? . . . Naturally. . . . Of course. . . . Right now."

When the Judge put the telephone receiver back, the silence in that room was deep and breathless. He looked around the group of his tried and true friends from one eager face to the next. But if those boys thought he was going to make a speech, they were dead wrong. There wasn't a speech in him, or a shout of triumph or exultation. There was instead a look almost of sadness in his Irish blue eyes.

"They'll be jumping out of windows in Brooklyn this night," said Bill O'Dwyer.

Then the real work began.

Levene, Maffetori, and Catalano were the youths who had told him the stories of the Sage and Yuran murders. Their stories, you will recall, had fixed beyond reasonable doubt the fact of Murder, Inc.'s existence and its use by labor racketeers like "Lepke" Buchalter.

Reles it was who now told O'Dwyer of the eleven murders he had himself committed or helped to commit, and who said he had done these jobs under orders from Albert Anastasia.

For three days and three nights Bill O'Dwyer and Abe Reles talked—and, take it from Bill, it was no social privilege for him! Abe (self-styled "Kid Twist") Reles was a pint-sized, kinky-haired ruffian, a snarly squat little mug, indubitably a bad egg. His nom de stick-up, Kid Twist, came from a Brownsville folk tale of a legendary "hero" of that name who, according to tradition, had bequeathed the name to any future hoodlum who might rise to a position of power equal to his own. It pleased Abe Reles to fancy that he had achieved this. He insisted on his associates and his family, even his wife, calling him Kid Twist, and invariably addressed his infant son, Abe Reles, Jr., as Little Kid Twist.

He had, as a matter of fact, risen to leadership—or, at least, co-leadership with Pittsburgh Phil Strauss—in the Brownsville branch of Murder, Inc., long known in police circles as the Reles gang.

AS we have seen in the Rudnick case, a system of collaboration had been worked out between the Reles gang and the Maione mob, which was the East New York chapter of Murder, Inc.'s Brooklyn fraternity. Under this arrangement, Pittsburgh Phil Strauss had helped Happy Maione and Dasher Abbandando in the rubbing out of Rudnick. Reles himself, Kid Twist in person, had condescended to play chauffeur to Abbandando the night of Rudnick's capture, and had arrived at the garage in time to witness the last rites administered by Maione with a meat cleaver.

The beginnings of the two outfits, however, had been quite different. The Maione mob had grown up in the vicinity of what is now known as Long Island Crossing but was formerly called Manhattan Crossing, at the junction of Eastern Parkway and East New York Avenue. There, a short distance from the Tenth District Court on Pennsylvania Avenue, where Bill O'Dwyer once sat as a magistrate, Happy and Dasher and their pals grew to what they called manhood. Then, as their business interests required a more central location, they moved down to the corner of Eastern Parkway and Atlantic Avenue, where Gesuele Capone's nineteen suits of clothes are still hanging, and where the tenement house in which Grandmother Maione died, while her grandson was busy across the street doing murder, still stands.

The Reles gang, on the other hand, came into being in Brownsville, at the corner of Livonia Avenue and Sackman Street, where there was a convenient café, and then lived out its hideous life at a much more famous intersection of Brownsville thoroughfares known as "the Corner." This is where Livonia Avenue, shadowed by its elevated railway tracks, runs into Saratoga Avenue, and where Mrs. Rose Gold kept her candy and stationery store which served as headquarters and contract mart for the gang. The phrase, "You are wanted at 'the Corner,'" was thoroughly understood by every Brownsville mobster. It meant that a new contract was about to be handed out in the never-ceasing business of Murder, Inc.

UNIMPRESSIVE as Abe Reles was, there was no question about the power the man wielded in the Brownsville section, or about his ability to name, if he would, the higher-up source from which he derived his power and took his orders. And in support of his statement that Anastasia was his boss—the head, so far as Reles knew, of the whole syndicate of death—he told Bill O'Dwyer the story of a murder so bizarre that it makes all other Murder, Inc., killings seem inspid.

Abe's man Friday, corresponding to Maione's Dasher Abbandando, was Buggsy Goldstein. Buggsy was not the glamour boy that the Dasher was, and he did not have behind him so impressive a record of criminal achievement. To be sure, he had been arrested thirty-two times; but only three of the charges against him were of murder; and this fact put him down a good many pegs in Murder, Inc.'s roll of honor. (Pittsburgh Phil Strauss, a really high-class operative, could boast of twenty-eight!) Nonetheless, Buggsy had felt justified in registering an indignant protest when authorities, in an attempt to rank Brooklyn bad men according to their deserts, put him down as Public Enemy No. 6.

"I deserve a higher rating," said Buggsy.

Well, the Puggy Feinstein case, as related by his pal Kid Twist, should certainly give it to him. For to pudgy, grinning, boastful Buggsy, flanked by his tutors in crime, Pittsburgh Phil and the Kid, was entrusted, allegedly upon orders from Big Al Anastasia, the eradication of this insignificant shylocking punk named Irving "Puggy" Feinstein, who had double-crossed a labor-racketeering friend of Anastasia.

During the evening of September 4, 1939, Puggy drove up to "the Corner" with some acquaintances, in their car. He had received word, he told them, that a friend would be waiting for him in Mrs. Gold's candy store. It was the usual formula. Neither Puggy nor his companions attached any special significance to the summons. So he hopped out, and the car rolled off into the night.

Alone on the sidewalk, whom should he run into but his old pal Buggsy Goldstein! Buggsy told him that the friend he was looking for had gone around to Kid Twist's place, which was not far away. A car driven by Duke Maffetori was standing, as if by chance, beside the curb. Puggy, guided by Buggsy, climbed in. The two friends rode together to the Kid's home.

Unlike George Rudnick, Puggy didn't know that his number was up. He was a member in good standing of the Brownsville gang. Whatever small differences he had had with a certain labor racketeer were, he felt, his own business and known only to him and the racketeer.

Buggsy Goldstein was his pal. Abe "Kid Twist" Reles was his boss. He knew no reason why he should not accompany the former to the latter's home. In fact, he may have felt a bit set up over being taken thus intimately into the higher social circles of Brownsville crime. For Reles' residence was no gangster's hide-out but a substantial brick-and-tile structure, not as large and not as pretentious as Anastasia's but entirely adequate, with a garage on the side street for the great man's car.

It wasn't often that a mere punk like Puggy Feinstein was invited to mingle in such society. So it was with a light heart and perhaps with high hopes that he crossed the threshold of Reles' home.

AS he did so, Pittsburgh Phil Strauss sprang upon him out of the darkness of the hall, and Buggsy, having stepped politely aside to let him enter first, wound an arm around his neck in that embrace which is known to gangsters as mugging, and which others call strangling. But Buggsy didn't do a very good job. As Reles put it, "He didn't know how to mug a guy."

Pittsburgh Phil, too, was not up to his usual form. Apparently he had come out without his ice pick. So, after miscellaneous and ineffective attempts at throttling, Reles saw that something more drastic was called for. Also, he gave a thought to what the neighbors might think if the scuffle continued indefinitely.

"This guy Puggy," he said afterward, "kept on fighting and kicking, so I turned the radio on louder and got a rope. The boss said he wanted a clean job. So I gave Big Harry"—that would be Harry Strauss, Pittsburgh Phil—"one end of the rope and we put it under Puggy's head while Buggsy held the other end. . . ."

Puggy continued to give a good account of himself, but finally the rope got him, and when he no longer "kept on fighting and kicking," his three friends tied him with the clothesline, head to feet, in the usual transportable package.

And how were they to get rid of Puggy's body? More important: just how was Bill O'Dwyer to get results—as he certainly has!—in ridding Brooklyn and the nation of their syndicate? And was Anastasia really its head, or is Bill now gunning for murder magnates even higher? You will find out as this account of Murder, Inc., is concluded next week!

READING TIME • 8 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

Romance rides in Arizona

. . and elsewhere in a movie round of colorful yesterdays

BY BEVERLY HILLS

★ ★ ★ ARIZONA

THE PLAYERS: Jean Arthur, William Holden, Warren William, Porter Hall, Paul Harvey, George Chandler, Byron Foulger, Regis Toomey, Paul Lopez, Colin Tapley, Frank Brownlee, Uvaldo Varela, Edgar Buchanan, Earl Crawford, Griff Barnette, Ludwig Hardt, Kermit Maynard. Screen play by Claude Binyon based on a story by Clarence Budington Kelland. Directed by Wesley Ruggles. Produced by Columbia. Running time, 125 minutes.

ONE of those big spectacular Westerns, this time a Clarence Budington Kelland romance of the Southwest in the making. Date, 1860. How a frontier girl, Phoebe Titus, comes to Tucson, launches temporarily into the bakery business, making pies for pioneers. But that's only a step while she dons pants and pistols and studies her next move. She has visions of a great bustling city where the few adobe huts of Tucson stand, sees straight and clear into the future. There's no stopping Phoebe. She even picks her man—and makes him marry her. Along the way she handles and cows a tough set of bad hombres at the point of her guns.

The frontier probably never saw such a charming figure as that of Jean Arthur in buckskin britches, but what of it? Miss Arthur makes Phoebe interesting and photogenic. William Holden is pleasant but not quite big enough yet for the role of the man Phoebe marks for matrimony. There are picturesque frontier bits; best is Paul Harvey as Solomon Warner.

You'll find Arizona a pleasant historical fabrication; too long.

VITAL STATISTICS: During filming Columbia ran into intense heat, dust storms, and rain. So hot on location near Tucson that no shooting could be done in midday hours. Total cost of film about $2,000,000. One pleasant break for Columbia: The studio bought 504 head of cattle for use in the picture, found at the finish herd had produced eighty-one calves, which sold at twenty dollars apiece. . . . A medical corps accompanied the company of 2,500 to the Arizona location. Commonest ailments: heat exhaustion, cactus stickers, blistered lips, bites from desert reptiles. . . . It took two months and 650 men to build old Tucson; 250,000 adobe bricks had to be molded, some 1,000 cubic yards of desert dust (at $1.50 a yard) to give authenticity to the streets. Buildings were "aged" with sand-blasting machines.

Betty Grable does a hula specialty number in Tin Pan Alley.

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT
2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR
0 STAR—VERY POOR

★ ★ ★ TIN PAN ALLEY

THE PLAYERS: Alice Faye, Betty Grable, Jack Oakie. John Payne, Allen Jenkins, Esther Ralston, Nicholas Brothers, Ben Carter, John Loder, Elisha Cook, Jr., Fred Keating, Billy Gilbert, Lillian Porter, Princess Vanessa Ammon, Brian Sisters, Roberts Brothers, Tyler Brooke, Hal K. Dawson, William B. Davidson, Lionel Pape, Billy Bevan, Dewey Robinson, Robert Emmett Keane, John Sheehan, George Watts. Screen play by Robert Ellis and Helen Logan based on a story by Pamela Harris. Directed by Walter Lang. Produced by Twentieth Century-Fox. Running time, 94 minutes.

HERE Hollywood goes sentimental about the dear dead days in New York's Roaring Forties, where the song writers—the Irving Berlins and the Harry von Tilzers—ground out the melodies that once set us singing and dancing. It's a jazz-jive yarn about a collegian and an ex-vaudevillian who start a shoestring song-publishing house, almost starve to death—and then comes the World War No. 1. The two boys enlist, make the world safe for democracy in three minutes of film, return to success and the two luscious blondes who have been patiently waiting all of the three minutes.

Jack Oakie steals the honors as the ex-vaudevillian turned publisher, John Payne is pleasant enough as his partner, the blonde inspirations are Alice Faye and Betty Grable. Recommended: Alice and Betty's torrid hula number in costumes a little more revealing than have been permitted up to now. In fact, the whole thing is a little rougher, a little flipper than most musicals.

VITAL STATISTICS: Betty Grable hails from St. Louis. Educated at Mary Institute there. Got her first film chance in 1930, doing a specialty in a picture called Let's Go Places. Nobody noticed—and Betty didn't. So Ted Fio Rita, band maestro, gave her a chance warbling with his outfit. Later Hollywood beckoned again, after Betty had scored in a Broadway revue, Du Barry Was a Lady. . . . Alice Faye has her home wired for sound. She can press a button anywhere in the house, the garden, or at the pool and start a radio program going. . . . Twentieth Century-Fox stylist Travis Banton says curves are back. The

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average film girl's weight has climbed twelve pounds since 1935. . . . Notice the girl who plays Nora Bayes. She's Esther Ralston, before the cameras for the first time in three years.

★ ★½ BITTER SWEET

THE PLAYERS: Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy, George Sanders, Ian Hunter, Felix Bressart, Edward Ashley, Lynne Carver, Diana Lewis, Curt Bois, Fay Holden, Sig Rumann, Janet Beecher, Charles Judels, Veda Ann Borg, Herman Bing, Greta Meyer. Screen play by Lesser Samuels based on Noel Coward's operetta. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke II. Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Running time, 93 minutes.

THIS was a successful stage operetta by Noel Coward. It still has eleven more or less pleasant Coward melodies. It presents that redoubtable romantic singing duo—Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy—together for the seventh time. In brief, it has everything that points to box-office popularity. So it must be your Beverly Hills. Somehow nostalgic glimpses of students singing in the giddy cafés of Vienna in the Gay Nineties have begun to pall.

What's left of Coward's sophisticated operetta is a simple yarn of a little English girl who flees London with her Viennese singing teacher on the eve of her wedding to a dull young Englishman. They endure a lot of musical-comedy tribulations in a nice way, even singing in the streets until they get their chance. Then, just as Carl Linden's operetta is to be produced, a lecherous baron of the Imperial Cavalry runs the bridegroom through—and poor Sarah Millick has to go on to lonely success.

Mr. Eddy seems a trifle phlegmatic for an impetuous young teacher of voice. For that matter, Jeanette MacDonald seems a little too able to take care of herself as the timid, sentimental Sarah. The best moments of Bitter Sweet, which is resplendent in technicolor, come in a photographed stage number of Carl's operetta, all in lovely simple pastel browns and whites.

VITAL STATISTICS: **Hollywood was afraid of the sophisticated Coward charm, tempered it. . . . Watch the ballroom sequence closely. Among the guests at the prenuptial party are such once famous stars as King Baggott, Barbara Bedford, May McAvoy, Lillian Rich, Mahlon Hamilton, Mason Hopper, Rosemary Theby, Naomi Childers, and Eva Novak. Director Van Dyke never forgets old friends.**

★ ★½ LADY WITH RED HAIR

THE PLAYERS: Miriam Hopkins, Claude Rains, Richard Ainley, Laura Hope Crews, Helen Westley, John Litel, Mona Barrie, Victor Jory, Cecil Kellaway, Fritz Leiber, Johnny Russell, Selmer Jackson. Screen play by Charles Kenyon and Milton Krims adapted from the story by N. Brewster Morse and Norbert Faulkner, based on Mrs. Leslie Carter's Memoirs. Directed by Kurt Bernhardt. Produced by Warner Brothers. Running time, 81 minutes.

MRS. LESLIE CARTER was a glamorous stage star just after the turn of the century, of the cnampagne-in-an-actress'-slipper era. After a divorce that shook Chicago socially, after losing her son by court order, Mrs. Carter came to New York bent upon being a footlight star. She succeeded in interesting the producer, David Belasco, who spent long months training her — and she achieved her ambition. The film tells all this sentimentally, skirts less pleasant events, traces her career up to her break with Belasco—and after.

Miriam Hopkins plays Mrs. Carter, indicates some of her temperamental phases. It isn't her best role, by any means. Far better is Claude Rains as the stage producer. He succeeds in looking surprisingly like David Belasco; he succeeds, too, in getting into the part some of that stage magician's contradictory qualities. Belasco always acted the great producer to the hilt, yet underneath he had a canny theatric shrewdness. It was Belasco who brought stage realism from crudely painted backdrops to an art. His success was built on authenticity of detail.

VITAL STATISTICS: **Green-eyed Mrs. Leslie Carter was born Caroline Dudley in Kentucky. Daughter of an Englishman, Orson Dudley. Married Leslie Carter at eighteen in 1880. Divorce came nine years later. Died in 1937, redheaded to the last. . . . Lou Payne was technical adviser of the film. It was Payne who married Mrs. Leslie Carter. Lou Payne said he got the biggest kick of his life watching Richard Ainley play Lou Payne . . . Helen Westley was one of the pioneers of the Washington Square Players, which grew into the Theater Guild.**

Short Review:

★ **MELODY RANCH** (Republic). Gene Autry plays a radio entertainer who returns to his home town, cleans up local gangsters. Even Jimmy Durante can't help much. Elaborate, thin, frequently dull. (84 minutes.)

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Escape, The Long Voyage Home, Arise, My Love, Boom Town, Foreign Correspondent.

★★★½—The Letter, Fantasia, The Great Dictator, The Thief of Bagdad, North West Mounted Police, The Westerner, Strike Up the Band, Rhythm on the River, I Love You Again, They Drive by Night, The Great McGinty, The Mortal Storm.

★★★—Blackout, The Mark of Zorro, Night Train, They Knew What They Wanted, World in Flames, Knute Rockne—All American, Third Finger, Left Hand, Angels over Broadway, Christmas in July, Spring Parade, City for Conquest, Brigham Young, The Howards of Virginia, Hired Wife, Lucky Partners, Pastor Hall, The Sea Hawk, The Man I Married, Pride and Prejudice, Andy Hardy Meets Debutante, I Want a Divorce, New Moon, My Love Came Back, Tom Brown's School Days, The Ghost Breakers, Susan and God, All This, and Heaven Too, Brother Orchid.

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TRADE MARK

To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

OUR national unity drive, our defense program and all, promise to make 1941 a great year for Star-Spangled Banner singing. The anthem is often considered tough for untrained voices; but Lucy Monroe, who specializes in it, tells me it isn't as hard as you think—if you know the words. What throws amateurs off, she says, is the wandering mumble so many of us are obliged to resort to after the first few lines. That takes the heart out of our effort. Or we shut up and sulk when we hear the rest of the crowd singing different words than we're singing. . . . "Memorize the first and last stanzas," Miss Monroe advises. "Only those two are sung, as a rule. Know them by heart and you'll get along well enough with the music." . . . President James Monroe, of Monroe Doctrine fame, was an ancestor of Lucy's. Seven of her forebears fought in the battle of Bunker Hill. She's a regular American girl, vivacious and pretty, a concert and stage singer with Metropolitan Opera experience. Because of her thousand-and-some renditions of the anthem at the New York World's Fair, at Legion and Gold Star Mother conventions, political meetings, etc., she's now called *The Star-Spangled Soprano*. Designed by Lord & Taylor, her favorite platform dress is a white organza gown with blue and red sequin stars on the sleeves. . . . She tells this story on herself: Audience at a Roosevelt rally burst into wild applause after she had sung. Gee whizz, thought Lucy, I've never had *such* an ovation before! She bowed and bowed and bowed—until Governor Herbert H. Lehman plucked her gently by the sleeve. "Look behind you," he whispered. "The President is entering the hall."

☆ Nearly three years have gone since Liberty first acquainted you with Elisabeth Achelis, a rich lady who spends time and money trying to reform our calendar so that New Year's and Christmas would always come on Sunday, Thanksgiving on Monday, and the floating date of Easter be stabilized, for the purpose of regulating budgets, vacation periods, etc., by making every year the same, that is, chronologically much more tidy. Although this might appear to be a woman's viewpoint, many thoughtful men agree. Now Miss Achelis tells me her group, the World Calendar Association, hopes to have New Year's, 1944, changed to Sunday. Anyhow, they're going to try!

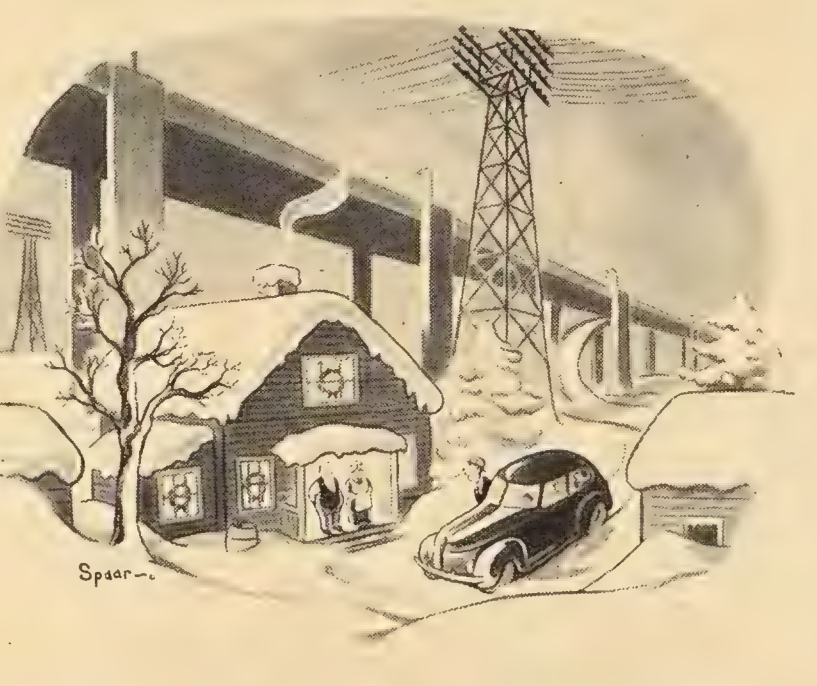
☆ A much traveled medical man of New York and Washington is an old friend of *my* old friend, Elsa de Szasz (pronounced de Sas), Budapest authoress. Writing to Elsa awhile ago, the doctor postscribed as follows: "P.S. Do you realize it has been thirty years since our friendship started?" Elsa replied, "Your reminder is staggering, yet in a world so changed it gives me comfort to know we have been able to carry a friendship on, unimpaired, through the best part of our lifetime." . . . *I* can think of no better New Year's greeting than to wish all my readers the joy of enduring friendships.

☆ Perfect with cocktails, or with champagne on New Year's Eve, is the *Caviar Cream* I first tasted at a recent supper party given by theatrical press agent Marjorie Barkentin. Even people who don't ordinarily care much for caviar want their full share of this. . . . Smoothly combine 1¼ pounds cream cheese with ¾ cup thick sour cream and 1 scant tablespoon finely chopped onion. With a silver fork carefully stir in red caviar —a 16-ounce jar—the large-grained kind if you can get it. Pile up your *caviar cream* in a salad bowl that has been lightly rubbed with garlic. Chill well. Serve in the bowl, with finger-length slices of pumpernickel. Spread as the guests grab, but watch out they don't snap your fingers off.

☆ One result of the war, I predict, will be a new *British* language, modified by refugees returning to England from this country. Staying in California with screen writers Florence Ryerson and husband Colin Clements, British author Cecil Roberts recently made phonograph records of his own voice, then played them back to himself, and rolled on the floor, convulsed. "But, dash it," he gasped, "I can't believe any one really talks like that!"

☆ Unless you're a radio slave, satisfied with secondhand music, you'll get your money's worth from the new Treasury of American Song, by Olin Downes and Elie Siegmeister. (Published by Howell, Soskin & Co. $5.)

☆ *Crymowave of the future?* . . . John J. O'Neill, science reporter, guesses that women who need to reduce may some day imitate the hibernating animals. Since fat spoils our girlishness, and since cold sleep consumes fat, why shouldn't we take slimming naps in a refrigerator? There's the general idea. Crymotherapy—frost cure—is the term for this new field of experiment. Don't try it yourself, for heaven's sake! So far, it's only a theory.



"This place is getting harder and harder to find every year."

Fu Manchu and the Panama Canal

BY SAX ROHMER

Dark hours, drums of Haiti, echoes of the war! A weird adventure nears its climax

READING TIME • 29 MINUTES 3 SECONDS

PART EIGHT—THE MYSTERY OF QUEEN MAMALOI

SMITH," I said, "he's not dying."

"Thank God, no."

He and I stood looking down at Sir Lionel Barton where he lay livid, his breathing scarcely perceptible. I turned to a man wearing a white jacket who stood at the foot of the bed.

"You are sure, doctor?"

Dr. Andrews nodded and his smile was reassuring.

"He's had an emetic and I've washed him out with permanganate of potassium," he replied. "Oh, he'll be all right."

"But how," I said, looking about from face to face, "did this happen? What of the police officer on duty outside?"

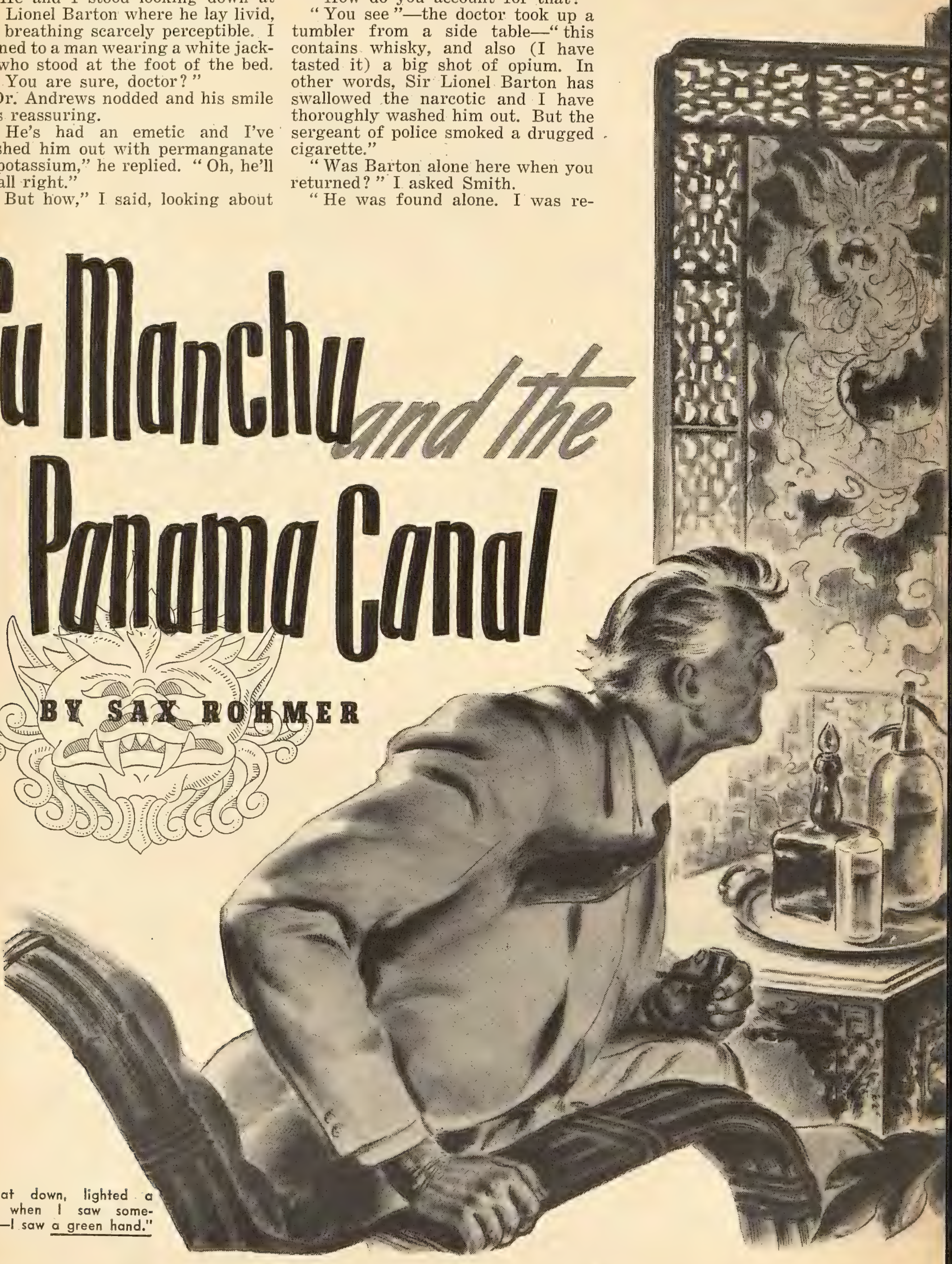
"Went the same way," replied Dr. Andrews, "but not for the same reason; nor is he responding so well."

"How do you account for that?"

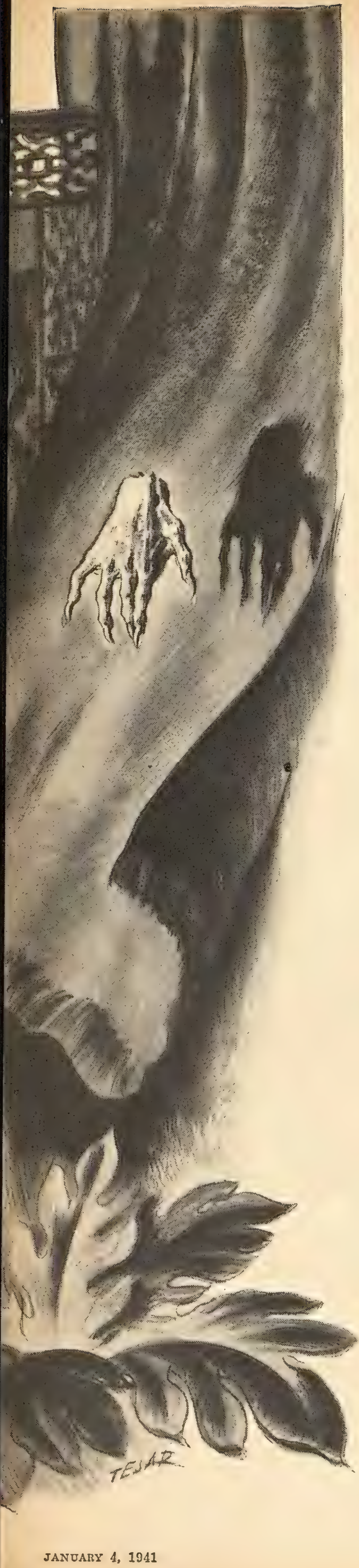
"You see"—the doctor took up a tumbler from a side table—"this contains whisky, and also (I have tasted it) a big shot of opium. In other words, Sir Lionel Barton has swallowed the narcotic and I have thoroughly washed him out. But the sergeant of police smoked a drugged cigarette."

"Was Barton alone here when you returned?" I asked Smith.

"He was found alone. I was re-



"I sat down, lighted a pipe, when I saw something—I saw a green hand."



called from police headquarters, and from there I phoned you. They had discovered the police sergeant unconscious in the corridor. Naturally the management came in here, and found Barton in an armchair in the sitting room, completely unconscious, with that glass beside him."

"And?"

"Yes. We have lost our hostage, Kerrigan. The marmoset has gone."

"But, Smith," I cried desperately, "it doesn't seem humanly possible!"

"Anything is possible with Dr. Fu Manchu."

"Thank God old Barton has survived," I said, "but heaven help us all — we are fighting a phantom. . . . Ardatha!"

Smith leaned across the bed on which the unconscious man lay and grasped my shoulder.

"Fu Manchu has recovered her. It may be an odd thing to say, when speaking of the greatest power for evil living in the world today, but for my part I would rather think of her with the Doctor than with . . ."

"Lou Cabot? Yes, I agree."

"You refer to the proprietor of the Passion Fruit Tree, I presume," interpolated Dr. Andrews. "I have had the doubtful honor of attending the man more than once—"

"You will attend him no more," said Smith.

"What is that?"

"He's dead," I began—

Smith flashed an urgent message to me, and: "He died tonight, doctor, up at Santurce," he explained, "under mysterious circumstances."

"Good riddance!" murmured Dr. Andrews. "A more cunning villain never lived in the Canal Zone."

SEVERAL hours elapsed before Barton became capable of coherent speech. The man drugged with hashish cigarettes was causing Dr. Andrews some anxiety. Lying back in an armchair, Barton stared at us. It was dawn and to me it was one of the most wretched.

No clue, not even the most slender, as to the whereabouts of Ardatha had been picked up. Flammario had forced a confession from the hunchback Paulo. The agents of the Si Fan had intercepted him as he had returned with the news for which she was seeking. In this way, by less than twenty minutes, the Si Fan had anticipated our visit to the villa occupied by Lou Cabot, the circumstances of whose death the authorities had agreed to hush up in the interests of the vastly more important inquiry being carried out by Nayland Smith.

"I must be getting old," said Barton weakly. "At any rate, I feel damned sick. Naturally you want to know how I made such an infernal ass of myself. Well, I can't tell you."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean I don't know. I had just mixed myself a final and was going out to make sure that the police officer you were kind enough to allot to me (whose presence I had discovered earlier) was awake, when I thought I heard that padding sound."

"You mean the soft footsteps we have heard before?"

"Yes. Now let me give you the exact facts: I assure you they are peculiar. I had been to take a look at that blasted marmoset. He was asleep. I sat down, lighted a pipe, and was about to take the drink—when I *saw* something. I want to make it quite clear, Smith, that I saw this before I took the drink, and I want to add that it was not a delusion and that I was wide awake."

"What did you see?"

Barton stared truculently at Smith.

"I saw *a green hand!*"

Smith began to pace up and down restlessly, tugging at the lobe of his ear.

"I saw a human hand floating in space—no arm, no body. It was sea

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

TO recover a stolen map of a secret submarine base in the Caribbean, and thus save the United States from an unknown enemy, Nayland Smith, the sleuth, Bart Kerrigan, the newspaperman, and Sir Lionel Barton, Orientalist, pursue Fu Manchu to Panama. They also wish to rescue Ardatha, a beautiful girl who is under a memory-robbing drug administered by the Chinaman. That she is Kerrigan's sweetheart lends another powerful purpose to the chase.

Fortunately, they have captured Peko, the cherished pet marmoset of Fu Manchu, and they hold it as hostage for the safety and release of Ardatha. Peko is a weird animal reputed to be a thousand years old!

Still more fantastic things emanate from the wizardry of the wicked Mongolian — Snapping Fingers, a voodoo agent that drains every drop of blood from a victim's body; padding footsteps that have no visible body; and a talking head that once belonged to a Peruvian savage chief. These terrify but do not daunt the intrepid trackers of Fu Manchu.

In Panama, a fascinating dancer of strangely mixed blood, Flammario by name, visits Kerrigan, and tells him that her former lover, Lou Cabot, has managed to steal Ardatha from Fu Manchu. She promises to lead him to the man's hide-out. Though they had been partners in the Passion Fruit Tree café, Flammario now hates him and wants to see him killed.

One day the talking head says, "Take care of Peko. Find Cabot!" The voice is that of the Chinaman.

Led by the dancer, Nayland Smith and Kerrigan go after Lou Cabot, but it is Flammario who stabs him to death. Kerrigan escorts her back to the Passion Fruit Tree, but he is not there long before Smith phones, "Come back at once. . . . Barton has been knocked out!"

green in color. It was visible for no more than a matter of ten seconds; then it vanished. It was over by the door, there—"

"What did you do?" snapped Smith.

"I ran to the spot; I searched everywhere. I began to wonder if there was anything wrong with me. This prompted the idea of a drink, so I sat down and took one. The last thing I remember thinking is that this hotel sells the world's worst whisky."

"You mean that you fell asleep?"

"No doubt about it."

Smith kept up that restless promenade.

"A green hand," he muttered, "and those padding footsteps. . . . What *is* it? What in heaven's name *is* it?"

"I don't know what it is," growled Barton, "but I thank heaven I'm alive. It's Fu Manchu—of that I am certain. But there's no love lost between us. Why didn't he finish me?"

"That I think I can answer," Smith replied. "Several days have yet to elapse before his First Notice, or ultimatum, expires. The Doctor has a nice sense of decorum."

"Our enemy uses mysterious weapons which none of us knows how to counter," I muttered.

"Death by the Snapping Fingers," cogitated Smith; "the green hand—and the shadow which comes and goes but which no one ever sees. How did Fu Manchu get here? Where did he hide? How does he travel and where has he gone?" He pulled up in front of me. "You have to make a quick decision, Kerrigan. As you know, my plans are fixed. Tomorrow we leave for Port-au-Prince."

"I know," I groaned; "and I know that it would be useless for me to remain behind."

ALTHOUGH I know I dreamed of her every night, resolutely in the waking hours I strove to banish all thought of Ardatha from my mind. As I saw the matter, we had lost every trick so far. In a mood of deadly, useless introspection I remained throughout the journey to Haiti. Hoping against hope, I had often opened the glass front of the box containing the shriveled head, and had pressed the red control; it had remained silent.

We were quartered in a hotel in Port-au-Prince; not that in which the Snapping Fingers had appeared. Nayland Smith habitually eschewed official residences, preferring complete freedom of movement. The beauty of Haiti formed but a gaudy background to my sorrow. And those purple nights throughout which distant drums beat ceaselessly — remorselessly — to me seemed to be throbbing her name: *Ardatha—Ardatha!*

Following such a drum-haunted night, I came downstairs one morning—a morning destined to be memorable.

One side of the dining room opened upon a pleasant tropical garden in which palms mingled with star-apple trees and flowering creepers. At this season, we had learned from the proprietor, business normally was slack; but making my way across to my friends, I recognized that of the twelve or fifteen people in the dining room there were at least four whom I had seen in Colón!

TAKING my place at the table: "Are these spies following *us*, Smith," I asked, "or are *we* following them?"

"Neither," Smith replied shortly. "But the position of the Allied forces in Europe is so critical that if action is to come from this side of the Atlantic, it must come soon. I don't suggest that the British Empire is in danger; I mean that any other Power wishing to take a hand in the game must act now or never. The United States is not impregnable on the Caribbean front. At least one belligerent is watching, and possibly a 'neutral.' Dr. Fu Manchu is watching all of them." He pushed his plate aside and lighted a cigarette. "Had a good night, Kerrigan?"

"Not too good. Did you?"

"No. Those infernal drums."

"Exactly."

"I thought I was back in Africa," growled Barton. "Felt that way the first time I landed here."

"It *is* Africa," said Smith shortly —"an African island in the Caribbean. Those drums which beat all through the night, near and far, on hills and in valleys since we arrived —do you know what they have been saying?"

"No," I replied; "the language of African drums is a closed book to me."

"It used to be to me." He ceased speaking as a Haitian waiter placed grapefruit before me and withdrew. "But of late I have learned what the drums are saying."

"What?" I exclaimed.

"They are notifying some one, somewhere, that we are here. Every move we make, Kerrigan, is being signaled."

"To Fu Manchu?" asked Barton.

Smith hesitated for a moment.

"I am not sure," he returned slowly. "I have been here before, remember—my only other visit and a short one. But during the night I used to note the drumbeats. And working upon what I knew of drum language, I ultimately identified, or think I did, the note which meant myself."

"Amazing!" exclaimed Barton. "I have a bundle of notes on drum language, but I don't believe I could identify my own name in any of them."

"I say," said Smith, still speaking very slowly, "that I am not sure. But I formed the impression at that time, and later events have strengthened it, that the drummers were not speaking to Dr. Fu Manchu. We can roughly identify the Doctor by his deeds. We know, for example, that the Snapping Fingers is operated by Dr. Fu Manchu. We know that the padding footsteps, the shadow which comes and goes, is controlled by him. It was this shadow which penetrated to our quarters in Colón and put opium in your whisky. The same shadow which, unseen by the police officer, substituted a packet of drugged cigarettes for those which temporarily lay upon a ledge beside him. To these phenomena we must add now the green hand. But more and more I find myself thinking about the woman called Queen Mamaloi . . ."

He paused, laid his cigarette down, and:

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed.

An envelope had appeared upon the table beside his plate. No waiter was near; the next occupied table—for Smith had recognized the presence of a number of agents in the hotel—was well removed from ours!

"It came from the garden path there," spluttered Barton; "I positively saw it blow up."

I had merely seen it drop beside the plate. I remained silent, dumfounded. Smith hesitated only a moment, and then with a table knife he slit the envelope. He read aloud in a perfectly toneless voice:

"Second Notice:

"The Council of Seven of the Si Fan point out that no reply has been received to its First Notice. Two Powers have opened negotiations with the Council relative to a readjustment of naval forces in the Caribbean and Panama waters. A copy of this Second Notice has been sent to Washington. You have three days.

"PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL."

FATHER AMBROSE, S. J., arrived immediately after our breakfast. Father Ambrose had been recommended to Smith by Colonel Kennard Wood as one who knew more about Haiti than any other white resident. He was a stout amiable-looking cleric wearing glasses and carrying a heavy blackthorn.

The meeting took place in Smith's room—as this was the largest; and he, having cordially welcomed the priest, broached the real business of the interview with a strange question:

"Are you acquainted, Father Ambrose, with the superstition of the zombi—dead men who are dug up and restored to a sort of life?"

"Certainly," the priest replied in a rich easy voice. "It is no superstition—it is a fact."

"You mean that?" Barton challenged.

"I mean it. You see, the dead are not really dead; they are buried alive. These people—I mean the exponents of voodoo—are acquainted with some kind of poison, or so I read it, which produces catalepsy. In this condition the victims are buried and their identities lost. They are then secretly dug up again and restored in the form of that dreadful creature—a zombi. Personality has gone; in fact, one would say that the soul has gone. They are entirely under the control of the voodoo doctor."

"You see, Kerrigan," snapped Smith, "Dr. Fu Manchu is not the only man who knows this secret."

"I have heard of Dr. Fu Manchu," said the priest, "but to my knowledge he has never been in Haiti."

"The zombi, then, in your view," Smith went on rapidly, "is not just a Negro variety of the vampire tradition, but a scientific fact?"

"Undoubtedly. The thing has been practiced here in quite recent times—may be practiced now." A shadow crossed the speaker's face. "Many of my flock, a large and scattered one, are, I regret to say, both professed Roman Catholics and secret devotees of voodoo." He shook his head. "I can do nothing to stop it."

"It is the cult of the serpent," growled Barton.

"I quite agree with you," Father Ambrose replied. He fumbled for a moment in his pocket, and: "I recovered this from a penitent recently," he added, and handed something to Smith.

Smith held it in the palm of his hand, staring down at it curiously. It was the figure of a snake, crudely carved in some soft wood and colored green.

"Does any special significance attach to this?" Smith asked.

"Yes." The priest nodded gloomily. "You see, this abominable cult, which in my opinion today has its head center here in Haiti, is divided into sects; actually it is a kind of heathen religion. Each of these sects has a distinguishing mark or badge; the green serpent is that of a group to which my penitent belonged."

"But how are the things used?" asked Smith.

"As passports!" said Barton. "They are used as a means of recognition. Other lodges have other symbols, of course, several of which I possess. In fact, I have a selection with me: thought they might be useful."

I SEE," muttered Smith. He laid the little amulet thoughtfully on the table before him. "In your experience, are all these people pure Africans?"

"Not at all." The priest shook his head. "Many people who have very little Negro blood are followers of voodoo; some who have none at all! . . . One who could control this movement would have much power."

"I quite agree," said Smith. "I think I know one who has already done so. Another question, father. Do you recall recent deaths due to the Snapping Fingers?"

"I recall them very well."

"Would you ascribe them to voodoo?"

The priest hesitated. He had produced a huge curved calabash pipe, and as Smith passed his pouch:

"By the colored population those deaths were universally accepted as the work of voodoo. Myself, I always thought they were due to some natural cause."

"You mean some creature," Smith suggested.

"Yes." The last few strands of nearly half an ounce of tobacco had disappeared into the mighty bowl. "Some odd things live here, you know."

Smith began to pace up and down; then:

"Just glance at this map," he jerked suddenly.

He opened on the cane table a large-scale map of Haiti. Barton's blue eyes danced with curiosity; he, too, stood up as the priest bent over the map.

GABRIEL HEATTER

ON THE AIR for Liberty

Every Thursday and Saturday

DRAMATIZING INTERNATIONAL NEWS SITUATIONS!

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Kansas City . . . . WREN 10:00 C.S.T.

*Los Angeles *San Diego *San Francisco *Santa Barbara

*See local paper for time and station.

"Yes," said Father Ambrose, "it is a good map."

"You observe a red ring drawn around an area in the north."

"I had noted it. Unfortunately, it is a part of Haiti with which I am imperfectly acquainted. My confrère, Father Lucien, looks after that area."

"Nevertheless," said Smith, "I am going to ask you, father, if you have ever heard of a legend, or tradition, of a large cave along that coast?"

"Perhaps you are referring to Christophe's cave, which so many people have tried to find but which I am disposed to think is certainly a legend."

"Ah!" growled Barton.

"It has been suggested to me"—Father Ambrose smiled—"that the object of your present visit, Sir Lionel, is to look for Christophe's treasure. Much gold and some human lives have been wasted during the past century in that quest. Christophe's cavern has a history nearly as bad as that of Cocos Island."

"You surprise me," murmured Smith, laying the tip of his forefinger upon a point within the red circle upon the map. "But here, I am informed, there is a ruined chapel dating back to French days. Am I right?"

"You would have been a week ago."

"What!"

Barton and Smith were staring eagerly at the speaker.

"The chapel was either struck by a thunderbolt or blown up by human hands at some time during last Thursday night. Scarcely one stone was left standing upon another. I had a full report, in a letter, of this mysterious occurrence from Father Lucien."

Smith and Barton exchanged glances.

"Perhaps you realize now, Barton," said Smith, "that Dr. Fu Manchu—one morning in New York, if I am not mistaken—took steps to check the chart in his possession from the original which you held . . ."

The ruined chapel, now demolished, had marked the entrance to Christophe's cavern!

QUEEN MAMALOI," said Father Ambrose in a low tone. "Yes, unfortunately, there *is* such a person."

"She is not a myth?"

"Not at all—I wish she were. Who or what she is I cannot tell you. Only selected devotees of voodoo have ever seen her."

"Are you acquainted"—Smith spoke slowly and emphatically—"with any one who has seen this woman?"

"I am." Father Ambrose indicated the little amulet on the cane table. "This penitent has seen her. Hence my putting the fear of hell into him and confiscating his charm."

"Did he describe her?"

"He was too excited at the time, I gather—these meetings are orgiastic, you know—to be a credible witness. But one point I established quite firmly. She is not black."

"What!" Smith's eyes glinted with sudden excitement. "A white woman?"

Father Ambrose extended his stout palms.

"Probably Negro blood. Some of them, you know, are as white as you or I. I cannot suppose that a European woman could have obtained this hold over the colored people; it extends, mark you, beyond the boundaries of Haiti. At the great ceremony of the Full Moon—"

"Tomorrow night!" snapped Smith.

"Yes, there is to be a meeting tomorrow night—"

"You hear, Barton?" Smith said. "You hear? Two moves are open to us. In one, I fancy we have been anticipated by Dr. Fu Manchu. I consider it at least equally important that we should see this woman."

"And I assure you," Father Ambrose interrupted, "it is quite impossible. For any white man to attempt to penetrate to that place would be—" He shrugged his broad shoulders.

"You say 'that place,'" Smith remarked.

"Yes."

"Does this mean that you know where it is?"

The priest hesitated, and then:

"Yes, I know," he replied. "But it is contrary to the dictates of my conscience to tell you."

There was a brief silence during which Nayland Smith paced restlessly up and down and the bowl of the priest's pipe bubbled unmusically.

"I don't presume, father, to interfere with your conscience. But let me make our position a little more clear. For your private information I am not treasure hunting, although it is true that I hope to find Christophe's cave. I am acting for the United States government and for my own. There are two movements taking place in Haiti: one mechanical, the other psychological. It is my business to investigate both. You say yourself that voodoo has great power. But one thing you do not know. A very old secret society, the Si Fan—"

"The Si Fan!" interjected Father Ambrose. "But what has the Si Fan to do with Haiti? You see"—he smiled apologetically — "I was in Tibet for four years before I came here. Nearly as many of my converts there belonged to the Si Fan as here they are devotees of voodoo."

"No doubt!" said Smith. "The Si Fan is almost purely political. I need not emphasize the underground influence which could be set in motion by control of voodoo. But those influences are already at work. There is a concrete danger to the United States government in the Caribbean. Several agents who have been sent to investigate have died or have never returned."

"I confess," murmured the priest, "that I know of one myself."

"There have been many. And this woman, Queen Mamaloi, is undoubtedly an agent of the Si Fan. I am urged by no idle curiosity. It is my plain duty to see this woman, to establish her identity — to check her activities. Now, I have been making some inquiries myself."

He turned again to the map and rested the pencil point upon a spot which appeared to be the peak of a mountain close to the Dominican border. He glanced at the priest.

Father Ambrose nodded.

"Yes, that is the headquarters of voodoo in Haiti," he admitted; "Morne la Selle, the Magic Mountain. If you go, you will never return."

"You do no more than your duty, father," Smith said. "We have heard your warning and we do not take it lightly. But I have a duty as well as you, and I am going to be present at this meeting." He took up the little snake amulet. "Is it consistent with your convictions that I should borrow this?"

The priest's pipe bubbled, great rings of smoke rose from the bowl. At last: "You place the matter in a new light, Sir Denis," he said. "I withdraw my opposition."

"We know roughly what we have to expect," said Nayland Smith, "and I think our plans cover all the possibilities which we can foresee."

"I regret every moment lost in getting to work on the cave!" cried Barton. "There's a party of United States marines ready to land. Even with their help it may take some time to clear the debris of the old chapel. In the present state of the war over there, Fu Manchu's chance might come tomorrow!"

THE DIARY OF AMBASSADOR DODD

America's representative for four years to Adolf Hitler and the Reich left behind him a great historical document—his private diary from the day he was appointed by President Roosevelt until his return. Serial publication of this diary will appear in this magazine. It is a day-to-day picture of how Hitler's war aims were developed, of his double dealings with the ambassadors of other nations and even with his own party. Ambassador Dodd reveals the war in the making from his inside viewpoint, and as a historical document it will interest not only every living intelligent human but will prove of astounding value to generations to come.

Here is a great feature you will want to include in your must reading. Among others, it will answer these questions:

Why did Roosevelt keep Dr. Hjalmar Schacht, head of the German Reichsbank, on a visit to the President, waiting, ill at ease, before recognizing his presence?

What course did Roosevelt direct Ambassador Dodd to follow in regard to Hitler's persecution of the Jews?

What did Ambassador Dodd learn about munitions manufacturers who compelled Hitler to withdraw from the League of Nations?

By whose authority did assaults on Americans in German streets continue after the protests of Ambassador Dodd?

What did Ambassador Dodd learn of the sale of British and American munitions to Germany?

You will be thrilled and astounded at the answers to these questions, as well as informed of many of the basic events which shaped the Roosevelt policy toward Germany.

Beginning in January 18 Liberty

"And tomorrow we set to work," snapped Smith. "Tonight I have another job to do—"

"Which may iron you out altogether!"

"Barton," said Smith, "I regret to have to remind you that I am in charge of this party. Be good enough to listen. Near the top of Morne la Selle, our destination, there is a perfectly flat plateau. As the place is a voodoo holy of holies, the American authorities have contented themselves with aerial survey. But it's a good landing ground. Three army planes are standing by. They are our rear guard, Barton, and you're in command. I am not prepared to trust a soul in Haiti, now that I know the Si Fan is here. Nobody but you knows when those planes start or where they are going."

"You know you can count on me," growled Barton.

"One thing is important: I *must* see the Queen Mamaloi; and the time of departure I have given you allows for the starting of the ceremony. Don't start a moment earlier."

It was afternoon before Smith and I set out for the house of Father Ambrose in Kenscoff. We went in the car of the American consul.

Although this was a modern road, the dwellings which bordered it might have had their being in Timbuktu. A file of Haitian women, each with a burden of vegetables, fruit, or other produce upon her head, wound its way antlike down to the market place; a returning stream marched upward. I saw no white faces from the time we left the borders of the town. But below, a wonderful prospect was unfolded.

From above, Port-au-Prince nestled in a cup between two mountains. Beyond, seemingly floating on a blue sea, La Gonave, the mystery island, alone disturbed the blue expanse of ocean to the horizon. Little curiosity was displayed by the hundreds of natives we passed. Exceptions were a fierce-eyed old woman riding a donkey, and a tall distinguished-looking mulatto who carried a staff. As the car passed, the mulatto's fierce glance sought us out.

"We are covered, Kerrigan," said Smith. "Did you note that man?"

"Yes."

"One of the voodoo doctors, beyond doubt. Drums will beat feverishly tonight."

We reached the priest's house, a long, low, creeper-clad building.

As we descended from the car: "The father has comfortable quarters," murmured Smith.

We were met by the genial priest and shown into a spacious study, laden with works in many languages.

As dusk fell, Smith and I, with Father Ambrose, were in the garden. I looked into the crimson sunset and wondered what the new dawn would bring. With dramatic suddenness, the sky merged, as I watched, into an inverted casket of blue velvet holding a million diamonds. A queenly moon rose.

"It is time we went in," said Father Ambrose.

Smith and I were heavily sunburned, yet, except in the dusk, no man, I think, could have been deceived by our substitutes, two trustworthy lads, selected by the priest, who, wearing our clothes, had gone back in the consul's car and would sleep in his compound that night. It was hoped in this way to lead spies to believe that we had returned to Port-au-Prince.

Smith wore an ill-fitting drill suit and a straw hat. I was similarly attired, except that I boasted a scarlet pull-over beneath my jacket. My own headgear was a pith helmet of sorts.

"How many spare rounds in your belt?" Smith snapped.

"Twelve."

He nodded grimly, then he lighted his pipe and, standing by the desk, took from his pocket two objects. One was the green snake lent to us by the priest; the other was a jewel in the form of a seven-pointed star.

"This is an amulet from Barton's collection."

Father Ambrose changed his glasses and, sitting down, carefully examined the glittering jewel.

"The snake emblem, as I have told you," he said, "denotes a shepherd, *papaloi*, or—shall we say?—a lodge master. But this"—he touched the star gingerly—"is the badge of a high adept, or grand master. I cannot imagine where Sir Lionel obtained it."

"The same has been said of many pieces in Barton's collection! But will these tokens pass?"

"I have little doubt of that, but grave doubt of my wisdom in countenancing this thing. However, I have promised and I do my part. I have shown you the way to the spot where the donkeys are tethered, and when we have sampled a glass each of my rum cordial—a very special honor, I assure you—I fear you must set out."

Anxiously he gave us final advice, unwittingly displaying a vast knowledge of the country. Finally, glancing at a clock upon his desk: "It is time you started," he said. "I should like to give you my blessing."

A queer dignity invested the stout priest as, laying his big calabash pipe on a tray, he stood up. Although neither Smith nor I were communicants of his Church, we knelt as though prompted by one instinct while he blessed our journey. . . .

Five minutes later we had groped our way to the end of a narrow lane which bordered the bottom of the priest's garden. The lanterns of fireflies seemed to guide us. Two well kept patient donkeys were tethered there, saddled and ready but unattended.

"This end of the business has been perfectly handled," said Smith. "Barton is dining with the American consul tonight, as arranged, but among the servants there will almost certainly be one spy, and our absence will be reported."

We ambled out on to the road that led up to the mountain; others, mostly on foot, were making in the same direction. And as though our joining that mysterious procession had been the signal, from before us, in the high forests, from behind us in the valleys, from all around . . . the drums began.

"After dark," said Smith in a low voice, "Haiti reverts to its ancient gods."

But we had jogged onward and upward for many miles, talking in low tones, before we came to the most perilous road which I remember ever to have seen.

It skirted sheer precipices, and I doubt if two riders could have passed upon it. But this way the dark figures were going and none were coming back. I could see it ahead, a silver thread picked out by the moon, antlike humans moving along it. In a sort of rocky bay Smith reined up.

"We have three hours yet," he said. "I want to listen to the drums."

We stayed there listening to the drums for five, seven, ten minutes. It was a language strange to me. Messages and responses merged into one confused throbbing—that throbbing which had haunted my nights, kept me wakeful when I should have been sleeping. Figures afoot, figures mounted passed by the little belt of shade in which we lingered—all bound for the secret meeting place on the crest of the mountain. Some of the pilgrims carried lanterns; some carried torches. Presently:

"I am in the news," said Smith in a low voice, "but I can gather no more. You see, I know what may be termed my 'signature tune.'"

Then, mounted on a mule, clearly outlined against the pearly moon, a figure rode slowly by. Apart from a sensation of lowered temperature, impossible to mistake the angular figure—impossible to mistake the profile.

It was Dr. Fu Manchu. . . .

What role will Fu Manchu play at the great ceremony of the Full Moon on the Magic Mountain where the voodoo worshipers forgather? How will Nayland Smith and Kerrigan fare on their most daring and dangerous adventure? Reserve a copy of next week's Liberty now for such a Witch's Sabbath as you've never imagined!

CROSSWORDS

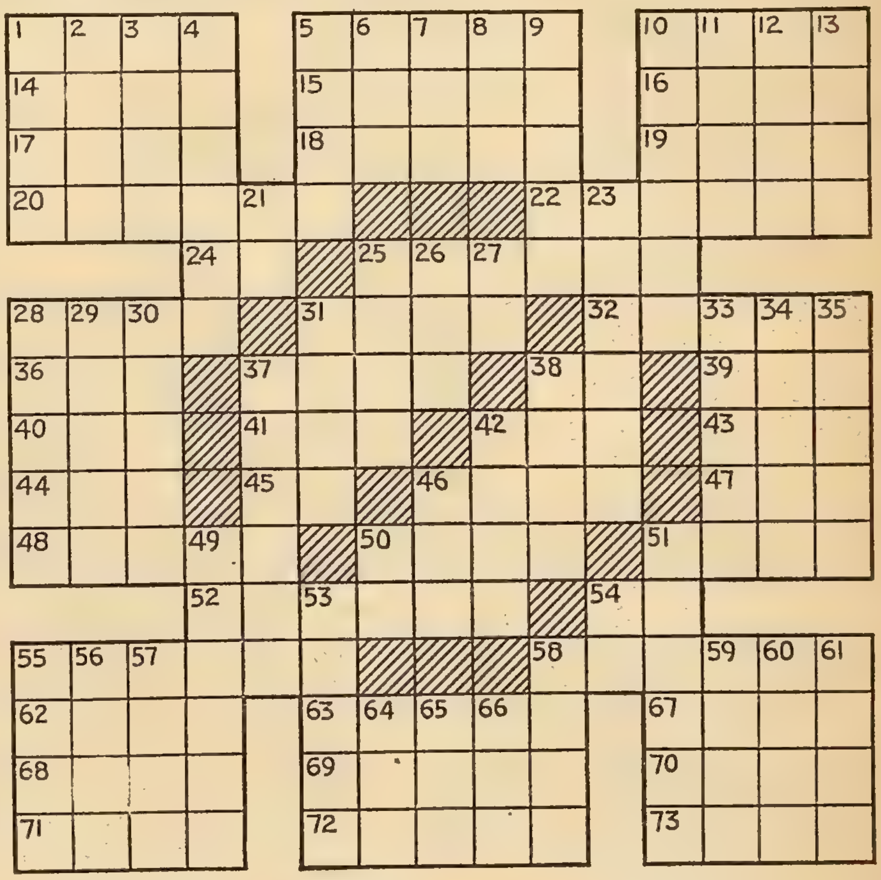
by Lee Pasquin

HORIZONTAL

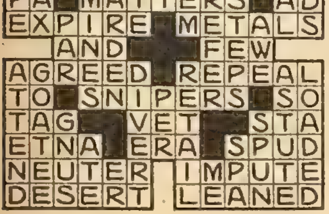
1 Restrains by fear
5 Kind of dance
10 Serene
14 Lifelike
15 Without company
16 On the sheltered side
17 Island off the English coast
18 Unit of measure
19 Weathercock
20 Cover again on the inside
22 Having colors of the rainbow
24 Exclamation
25 Egg dish
28 Thin slab of baked clay
31 Animal
32 Untamed
36 Native metal
37 River in New Mexico
38 Mathematical ratio
39 Japanese sash
40 Male sheep
41 Indefinite number
42 Gain
43 Male turkey
44 Commotion
45 Legal term
46 Bind
47 Poem
48 Dye
50 Military assistant
51 Raised
52 Semiprecious stone (pl.)
54 River in Italy
55 Machinery part
58 Vex
62 One of the Great Lakes
63 The end
67 Thought
68 Sly look
69 Pertaining to one's birth
70 Refuse to admit
71 Woman
72 Expunge
73 Terminal (pl.)

VERTICAL

1 State
2 Telegraph
3 Bad
4 Pertaining to old age
5 Sport
6 Beverage
7 Plot
8 Number
9 Danger
10 Seaport in the Philippines
11 Exclamation
12 Unaspirated consonant
13 Recompense
21 Negative
23 Clear from dross
25 Greasy
26 Former New Zealand bird
27 Printer's measure
28 Mosaic law
29 Turkish ruler's decree
30 Fruit
31 File
33 Revolving piece of machinery
34 Dwelling
35 Ensnared
37 Motor shelter
38 Tube
42 Small flexible mass (pl.)
46 Fasten
49 Table linen
50 By
51 Compound of boron
53 Make amends for
54 Parent (colloq.)
55 Relate
56 Surface
57 Spotted
58 Hearty
59 Seaport in Arabia
60 Dispatch
61 Tells
64 Deface
65 Letter in Greek alphabet
66 Matter in an aeriform state



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

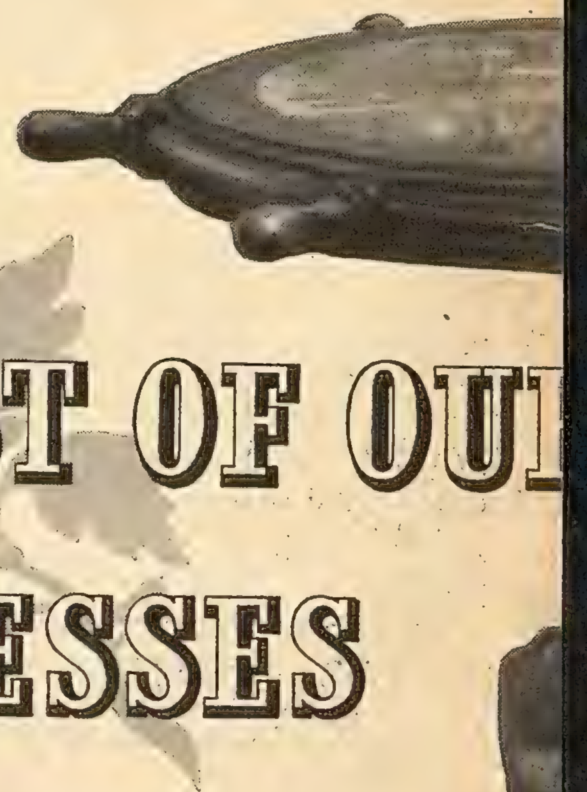


Last week's answer

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

THE BEST OF OU ACTRESSES

A sapient salute to a gallant lady's success against odds in the theater



SHE hasn't, in the popularly accepted sense, looks; she lacks that theoretically necessary star acting attribute, height; she is wholly deficient in that quality which Hollywood calls glamour; her voice, by any old histrionic standard, is a small one; in her own person she is without what the critics call authority; she has a face that looks far from being a likely mirror of either the tragic or comic mask; and she is the best actress in the American theater.

She has breasted other hurdles. Her well-meaning if somewhat too confiding mother publishes a book about her which makes her out to be a not always entirely loyal party in the matter of traffic with friends, and often, to boot, something of a willful and irritating person. Her otherwise charming husband encourages her into fruitless fights with the dramatic critics which she, as a dutiful wife, acrimoniously pursues. She every now and then speaks out in public on subjects removed from her own province, and gets her foot into it. She lends herself to advertising a commercial product on the radio. She fervently endorses bad plays written by persons close to her as gems of dramatic art. Her publicity photographs would frequently make Florenz Ziegfeld turn over in his grave. And yet, in addition to being the best actress on the American stage, she is peculiarly the most romantic and—to borrow that profaned Hollywood term—glamorous.

Ladies and gentlemen, Miss Helen Hayes.

Only a very expert actress could have made out of the dubious stage materials that are this Helen Hayes the leader of her sex in her profession. It is that expert actress who has acceptably metamorphosed a diminutive woman into the regal Mary of Scotland, who has vividly turned the thirty-nine-year-old mother of two children successively into a child of eighteen, the tremulous girl-wife of Prince Albert, and the obese seventy-eight-year-old Queen Victoria, who has been now and convincingly a Viennese *Mädel* and then and equally convincingly a young girl of Dixie, a Scottish spinster, and the dreamed Cleopatra of Bernard Shaw. It is this expert actress, more, who has with equal skill at times played everything from Shakespeare to Molnar, from Barrie to George Abbott, from farce-comedy to melodrama and blank verse. Her latest appearance as Viola in Twelfth Night only again emphasizes the fact that if there is a better and more versatile and more audience-warming actress in our theater, she must be hiding not only her light but herself under a bushel.

It isn't, surely, that Helen Hayes has not sometimes failed. Her attempt at Portia was far from successful and her sortie into the Irish drama of Liam O'Flaherty was more than unfortunate for her. But it isn't that way generally. Even when she has appeared in such rubbish as Ladies and Gentlemen, which in all likelihood would have dismayed the courage of almost any actress, she has emerged with some honor to herself. She can usually further glorify a genuinely fine play; she can add luster and interest to a middling one; she can even make superficially possible, at least while she is on the stage, a trashy one. She has proved that.

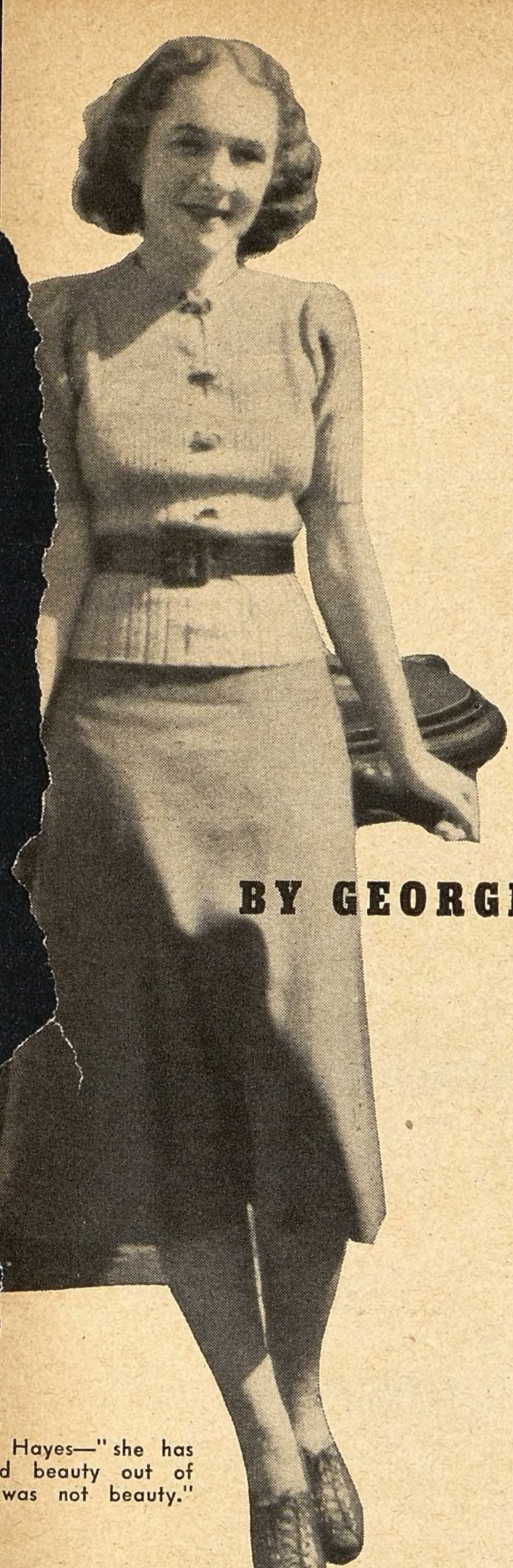
There are various things which have contributed to her rank, her box-office popularity, and her position in the theatrical community. Although, in that book about her, her mother takes considerable credit for having picked some of her earlier plays, it is pretty hard to believe that it hasn't been Helen Hayes herself who, since that period in her career, hasn't exercised a generally shrewd personal judgment. Such slips in that judgment as the aforementioned Ladies and Gentlemen, for instance, are understandable, since the play was written in part by Charles MacArthur, her husband, and since their marriage has been and is well known to be a love match. But aside from such mistakes, deliberate as they in all probability have been, her knowledge of her own script needs has been accurate.

She has also been wise in her selection of managements, a matter in which certain of her rivals have not always shared her wisdom. Furthermore, the theater being her religion, she has seen to it that the plays in which she appears, irrespective of their critical quality, have always the best supporting casts and the best productions possible. She doesn't allow her audiences to be cheated, whether in New York or in any thitherward city. She has become her own trade-mark.

There is still another reason, and one that accounts in great part for the affectionate regard in which the public holds her. I once expressed it thus, and I express it so again:

There is something about Helen Hayes that most of our other actresses of her age and experience—indeed, of even more than her age and experience—completely miss. It may be an inner warm womanliness; it may be a dramatic heart beating in a theatrical mind; it may be that little-girl spirit that has ever been a vital asset to the world's best actresses of whatever vintage; it may be a natural and ex officio sincerity that siphons itself into her stage person; it may be any one or ten of a dozen things. That it is, above them all, a genuine acting talent we of course know. But it is these other qualities, too, that must surely and so brilliantly differentiate and distinguish her from the rank and file of director puppets, grease-paint crooners, big chest-tone purveyors, and superficially competent old war horses of all ages who so often drive us out into the cold alley to warm up.

Who are Helen Hayes' chief rivals for first acting honors? The one most often mentioned in this connection is Katharine Cornell, but there are others: Lynn Fontanne, Judith Anderson, Jane Cowl, Laurette Taylor, Ethel Barrymore, Grace George. Let us consider them.



Hayes—"she has
d beauty out of
was not beauty."

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

Katharine Cornell, personally an infinitely more romantic figure of a woman, has many performances to her considerable credit, but most of them are much the same performance. For in the general run of things Miss Cornell offers less a characterization of a role than she offers herself. Most of the roles she plays are less different characters, whatever the dramatist and the program may seek to suggest, than they are Katharine Cornell in different situations and different costumes. Always an attractive stage figure, possessed of a fine and indubitably effective voice, and with admirable carriage and poise, it nevertheless remains from the record that, whereas Helen Hayes definitely characterizes her various roles, Miss Cornell simply reincarnates the fundamentally unvarying Katharine Cornell. It remains primarily Katharine Cornell as everything from Lucrece to Joan of Arc, from Elizabeth Barrett to Juliet, from Candida and Iris March to Casanova's temptress and on through the heroines of The Age of Innocence, Flowers of the Forest, Alien Corn, and the rest. The Malay princess of The Wingless Victory is as surely Katharine Cornell in dark brown grease paint and with bangles rattling from her wrists as the heroine of The Letter is the same Katharine Cornell in lighter make-up and minus the bangles. Miss Cornell, in short, is a first-rate actress of a single role. That one role she plays beautifully. But one role hardly constitutes a critical career.

Lynn Fontanne is a capital comédienne and in this category merits all the applause she regularly gets. But, although her performance in a more serious dramatic role in There Shall Be No Night was an excellent one, her adventures into a field removed from comedy have generally been not too happy. O'Neill's Strange Interlude, Chekhov's The Sea Gull, and Dostoievski's The Brothers Karamazov, among others, have clearly betrayed her shortcomings. It is as a comédienne that she shines, and as a comédienne she is uniformly delightful. But there she seems to be pigeonholed.

Ethel Barrymore, Laurette Taylor, Grace George, and Jane Cowl are of the older acting order. All have now and again acquitted themselves handsomely — Miss Cowl's Juliet is accepted by many, including myself, as the best we have had in the American theater of our time — but none of them, I believe, is today entirely the actress she once was, and none of them, as we view the scene today, is Helen Hayes' equal or superior. Miss Barrymore knows all the tricks of the trade and surely, as late as Whiteoaks, made grand use of all of them; more, she miraculously retains much of that charm that made her, in her younger days, the toast of the town. But though she periodically comes through with a gleam of the old glory, the career which started out and for some time continued to be so rich in brilliant promise has seemed to fade with the evening star.

Miss Taylor, once one of the loveliest of the younger actresses of her day, suffered something of an eclipse in her later years, largely because of a misguided selection of second-rate plays, and most recently seems to have condemned herself to obvious so-called character roles. Miss Cowl has done little in the last half dozen years, and that little with none of the flash and fire of her yesterdays. Miss George is an excellent comédienne who runs Miss Fontanne a photo-finish for top honors, but, save for a very good performance of the beset spinster in the melodrama Kind Lady, has not indicated overly much in later years in the way of straight dramatic acting, or at least what is commonly understood by that term.

There remains Judith Anderson, who, to this mind, is in this day and year Helen Hayes' closest contender. Although she has got her full share of favorable critical notices, it seems to me that this Miss Anderson has never quite received the general respect for her talents that is her due. In no role that she has played—and the roles have been various—has she failed to do herself justice. Her mother of Christ a season ago was as gently beautiful a performance as our stage has seen. Her mother of Hamlet was superior Shakespearean acting. And from the far day of The Dove, and Behold, the Bridegroom down through Pirandello and O'Neill (her performance in Strange Interlude, incidentally, cruelly showed up the deficiencies of Lynn Fontanne's) and on through such things as Firebird, Come of Age, and The Old Maid she has suggested in each instance her unusual imagination, her very considerable resource, and her genuine playing gift.

Just what it is that has kept real recognition from her, I do not know. But whatever it is—it may be poor management, faulty consistent build-up, or something else of that sort—it has to an appreciable degree denied her the public standing which her gifts have demonstrated she deserves.

Nevertheless, all things considered, the sheer black-and-white record as it stands gives the ballot, after a deep bow to Miss Anderson, to Helen Hayes. She has come a long way from the baby actress in a Lew Fields show of thirty-odd long years ago to the present Viola of Twelfth Night. Nor has she trodden the easy path to fame. She has taken chances and failed. She has taken even more chances and succeeded. And always, from the very first, she has flown her theater's flag high and proudly and challengingly. Her artistry has triumphed over great physical handicaps; she has created beauty out of what was not beauty; she has ridden the hard and rocky road to eminence in her profession. It has been said of her by experienced men of that profession that she knows more about acting in her little finger than most of her sisters know in their whole hands. I don't know about that. But summing it all up and giving several of those sisters of hers their full due, nevertheless maybe they are right about her. They seem to be.

So, gentlemen, on your feet. To Helen Zuleika Dobson Hayes!

THE END

For All the Men in Camp—and Their Folks

FULTON OURSLER

A NEW department that belongs entirely to Americans in military camps—drafted men, volunteers, National Guardsmen, and soldiers of the Regular Army, and their families and their friends—will be started in Liberty next week. This new feature will be a kind of military Vox Pop. In it every man in uniform is invited to speak his piece. If he doesn't like the barracks food, here is the place for him to holler. If he thinks his camp is being criticized and he wants to defend it, here's the place for him to throw back his head and yowl his sentiments. If he has a constructive suggestion to make, space is here for his idea. Here, in fact, is a national forum in which private is equal to general, where rank does not count, and where all may ask to be heard. No names will be published under any circumstances; on the other hand, no anonymous letters will be published either; we must know our correspondents, but we will protect their anonymity.

To get this started we sent a representative of Liberty out into the camps. He talked with the commanding officers, with the chaplains, and then with the men, and came home with a pocketful of original letters which will appear in the *première* of this new department next week. When you read these letters you will see that the department is not limited just to bouquets and brickbats. The editor of the department was able to call justifiable complaints to the attention of the proper authorities and get things straightened out. This department will not be an anvil chorus nor a community sing. It will be an on-the-level, down-to-earth meeting place for the minds of American soldiers all over the country. Here they can say what they think without fear or favor. We call the new department This Man's Army and we offer it as a service to American soldiers.

SPORTS FORECAST FOR 1941 is the title of an important sports article for next week. Millions of Liberty sports fans will remember how Jerry Lewis climbed way out to the ultimate twig of the limb of speculation last year and in the tones of a Delphic oracle told what he thought we might expect for 1940. Well, when we added the results, his predictions stacked up mighty well. Now he's out there on the bough once more. See what he has to prophesy for next year's sport events and then check him up when the results are all in. As for ourselves, our money is on Jerry Lewis.

This is only one of a fine list of features in next week's issue. There is, for example, an article called Life with Dorothy, the story of Dorothy Stickney, star of Broadway's smashing success, Life with Father. Dorothy is an old friend of Liberty. In fact, this magazine helped her not to starve when she was lurking in the corners of managerial offices trying to get a job on the stage. You will learn all about that part of her past in next week's issue. You will also want to read an article we hope to get—How to Be Funny, by Harold Lloyd—not to mention some of the best fiction of recent weeks—Mr. Melvin Turns the Tables, by Dale Collins; Remember Again, by Roger Garis, and others. It really is a four-star issue next week that we feel you will enjoy, from Mr. Macfadden's editorial down to this modest nook where a kind fate lets us have our say.

SALMAGUNDI: From all over the United States come letters by the score discussing the word "salmagundi." No one wants us to use any of the possible substitutes, but many have pertinent comments about it. R. H. Gentry, writing from Los Angeles, says: "'Salmagundi: A mixture of chopped meat and pickled herring with oil, vinegar, pepper, and onions.' (Johnson.) I believe there is an old song which began 'O salmagundi, sickity, sickity, zock.'" Thanks, Mr. Gentry, and by the way, are you related to the famous family of show people who in my boyhood exhibited Gentrys' Dog and Pony Show? . . . John Erskine's new book is having a fine success. Not only because we approve of John and also the title of his new novel, we give it three stars—Give Me Liberty, by John Erskine; published by Frederick A. Stokes & Co.—your enjoyment of this one guaranteed. . . . Congratulations to the Boston Herald for appointing Alice Dixon Bond as literary editor. She will also occupy the same position on the Boston Evening Traveler. These are outstanding leaders among American newspapers; their literary editorship is an important post and Alice Dixon Bond is a wise and strategic choice. Her knowledge of books and authors, especially American ones, is not only encyclopedic; it is sometimes devastating. . . . Word comes from the Achmed Abdullahs in Panama. Writes Achmed: "Giving a big fish-fry and war dance at Max Bilgray's joint in Colón on November 30. All my old bum friends will be there, also a large delegation of the U. S. army and navy, the Governor of the Province of Colón, the Panama Vice-President—a salmagundi of races. A swell time will be had by all—I hope."

☆

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty
The American Way of Life

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CONTENTS FOR JANUARY 4, 1941

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EDITORIAL

Great News for Labor
Bernarr Macfadden 3

SHORT STORIES

How About a Dance, Kid?
Llewellyn Hughes 10
The Telling of the Bees . Helen Hull 22
Miss Sherlock Holmes—Liberty's Short Short . . . Margaret Mochrie 33

SERIALS

Death Waits for a Lady—Part V
Whitman Chambers 28
Murder Over Brooklyn: Hoodlum's Holiday—Part IV
Frederick L. Collins 35
Fu Manchu and the Panama Canal—Part VIII . . . . Sax Rohmer 42

ARTICLES

Liberty's All-Players All-America Football Team . . Norman L. Sper 5
Japan's Navy Is Ready for the U. S. A.
Admiral Nobumasa Suetsugu 8
How to Start the New Year
Mischa Auer 15
Seven Steps to Personal Success
Professor Walter B. Pitkin 17
What Do You Remember About 1940? . . . . Ted Shane 20
The Best of Our Actresses
George Jean Nathan 48

FEATURES

Vox Pop, 4; Movie Reviews by Beverly Hills, 39; To the Ladies by Princess Alexandra Kropotkin, 41; Crossword Puzzle, 47.

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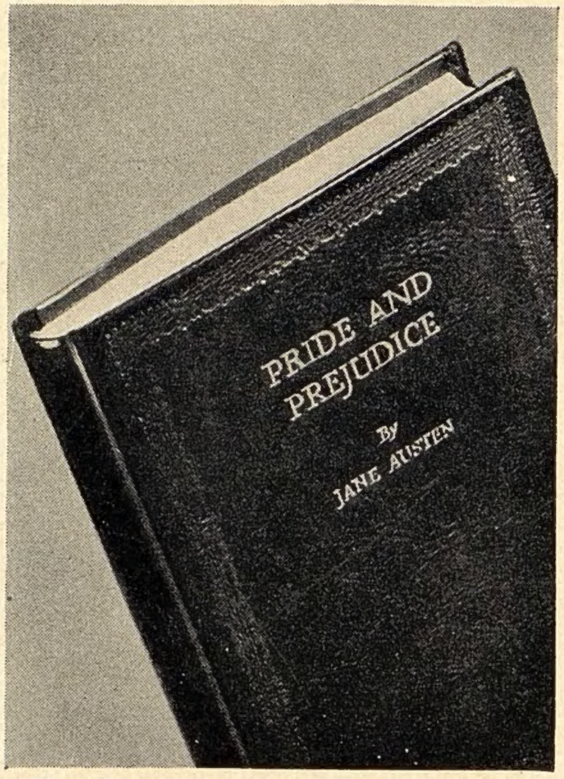

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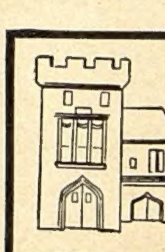

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